

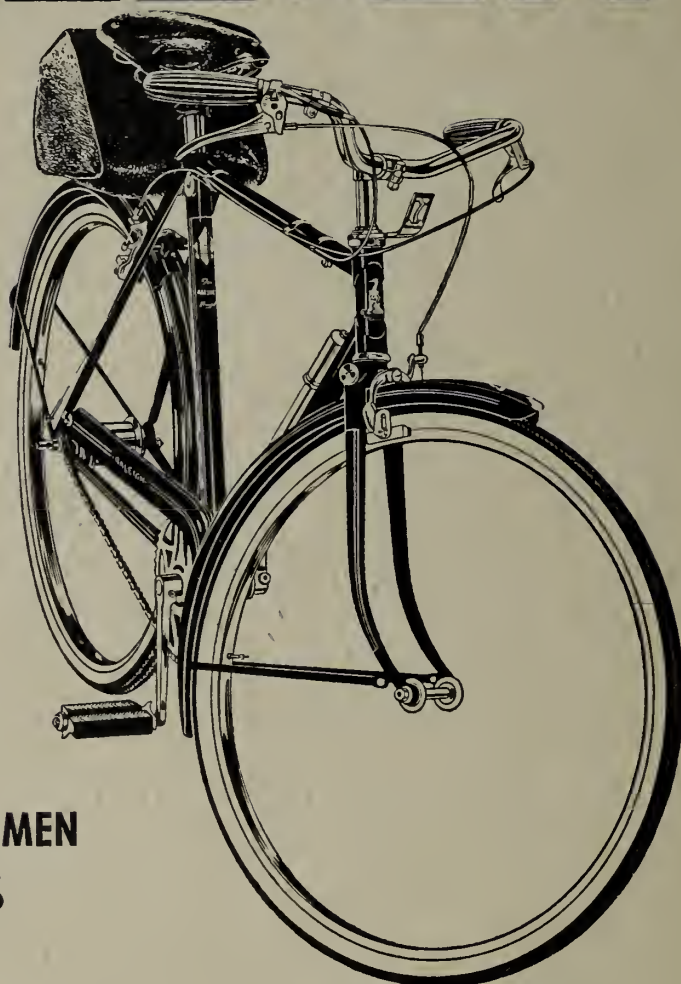
*Spring
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Spring Issue

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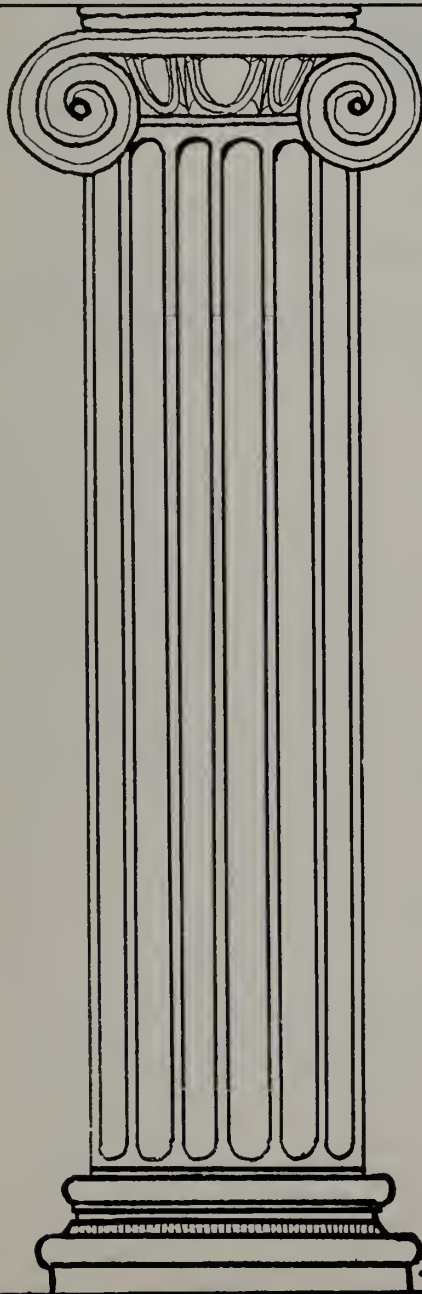
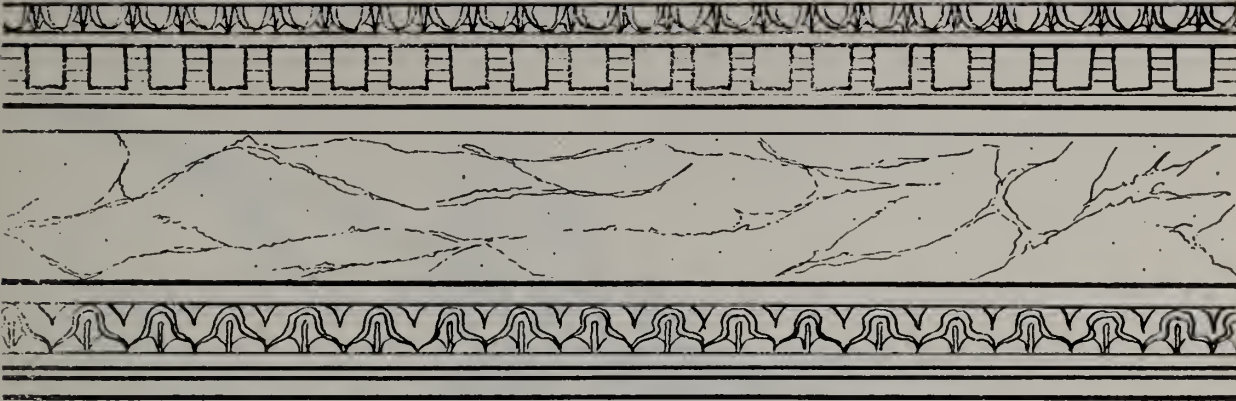
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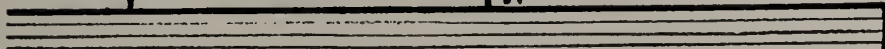
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Postmarked 1648 and 1785

JAMES SHERBURNE '60



THREE hundred and twenty-five pages in the Book of Time have been turned since the Boston Latin School was founded; and so that we may feel afresh the atmosphere of over three centuries ago and at times even see ourselves reflected in those humble beginnings, let us read this letter which a young Latin School student might have written his father in 1648, and then his father's reply. He wrote because boys often lived at the home of a master while attending the school. Notice the strong religious tenor of the period. Latin and Greek were vital subjects in those days, especially as the aim of many parents was to educate a boy for the ministry. The accounts of the storm and the pigeons are accurate, as reported in John Winthrop's letters of that year. Mr. Maude was Headmaster of the school in 1648.

A LETTER WRITTEN IN 1648 Sir, —

I know God calls me to submission, but Latin and Greek seeming impossible to learn, I fear that I am unfit for His use. Better might I not be home helping with the sheep? However, if God call, I shall be very ready to obey, but even He cannot expect one of so great youthfulness to learn what Master Maude demands. My brain is dulled with the drudgery of it.

An increase in funds is required by me if I am to remain here. Having foolishly spent what I had on what seemed to me necessities, I find my funds lacking.

The tempest was most violent this week. Some hurt was done here on the second day after, especially by the tide, which was the greatest we ever had. Much fish and valuable salt was lost at eastward, and terrible loss thereabouts is feared.

I think very long to hear from you. It saddens me when I think of my remoteness from you.

Your obedient son

19 (5) 1648

My Good Son,

I received you by Mr. Brewster and am glad to hear of your welfare. For that which you write about returning home or receiving an increase in funds, having sacrificed much to set you up with Master Maude, I read your complaints with deep sorrow. Desire not worldly pleasures. The Lord loveth those who labor for Him. Hoping to serve Him in the future, you must diligently learn Latin and Greek now.

Have you forgotten that the merciful hand of the Lord was manifested to us this past month when pigeons came again all over the county? By them the Lord showed us that he could make the creature which formerly had been a chastisement, now to become a blessing. Our Harvest being just in, they proved a great blessing, it being incredible what multitudes of them were killed daily. It were ordinary for a man to kill 8 or 10 dozen in half a day.

Prayer having been entered into, and much study of Latin and Greek with it, I feel the Lord will show you the way to master your work.

Your mother hath been very ill lately, but (I praise God) she is upon recovery.

I am in much straights of time.

Your loving father

10 (25) 1648

This next letter may sound familiar even though it represents the voice of a Latin School boy in 1785, when classes were being held in Faneuil Hall while the Latin School building was being repaired. Boys don't change very much. Even as today, they complained of studying and felt their lot a hard one. Interest in clothes was in evidence at that time, though a few people, like the boy's father, continued to have strict Puritanical leanings and were perturbed by such worldly interests. Master Hunt, headmaster at that time, found pupils occasionally hard to manage. Information about "The Bunch of Grapes Tavern" is authentic and, likewise, John Warren was actually a student at the Latin School and eventually became President of the Massachusetts Medical Society.

A LETTER WRITTEN IN 1785

Dear Father,

Canst thou come sooner? Having been away from you and Mama and Prudence six weeks, I long to see you. Anyway I did yesterday when Master Hunt flogged me. To take one little peek out of the window at all the nags coming to town with butter and eggs and chickens seems not worthy of flogging. Faneuil Hall Market is a bustle of activity; while here in Faneuil Hall we drone on amo, amas, amat endlessly. I'll be glad when our own school is repaired. Leastwise, you can be thankful I'm not John Warren. Having twice as many misdemeanor marks as I, he may get turned out any day — he with his fancy talk of being a Doctor and going to Harvard. Of course, it's not John's fault really, though Old Hunt thinks John is making fun of him with his constant giggling. If you saw the pictures I draw of him and pass to John, you'd laugh too. Even Granny says the Devil is in my fingers when I start to draw.

Are you worried about a place to stay when you come up on business? Having made inquiries, I find the Bunch of Grapes on King Street, the best. Even Lafayette stopped there five years ago. Five shillings a day is the usual charge. As good a table as can be found is set there. Every day at 2 o'clock, a sumptuous meal of meat or fish, vegetables, pudding, and a pint of Madeira is set — quite different from the victuals I have to eat. "You must learn to be Spartan in your desires," says old Goody Goodson, but a little baked Indian Pudding with cream wouldn't hurt. Tell Granny to send some when you come.

How do you expect me to recite all that dull Greek in these clothes? The other boys call me a country bumpkin until I hate to stand and recite. Please send me some money so that I can outfit myself like the others. If you don't, I shall flunk out and bring disgrace on the family.

Your obedient son

15 (10) 1785

Dear Son,

Hast thou forgotten everything you have been taught? I like not this talk of fancy clothes. Having learned your Greek lessons well, take pride in your recitations. Remember that only the frivolous pay attention to their clothes — the outer necessities of life. I fear you are forgetting the warnings of Elder Mosely. Perhaps it is a mistake for you to be away from the simple life here at home.

Having admonished you, I shall say no more of clothes. Of the Indian Pudding, I daresay it is better for the soul to eat fru-

gally, but Granny is a little daft over you and will send the pudding.

A place to stay having now been found, I plan to ride to Boston the first of the month, if old Nell does not go lame again.

Mistress Endicott has knit you a warm scarf which I will bring.

Try to avoid boys with immoral ways and who are not of serious intent.

Hold yourself in readiness for my visit.

Affectionately,
Father

30 (10) 1785

And God Created Woman

STEVEN M. ARONSON '61

*All forms of bird and beast roamed o'er
The Eden Plains where dwelled the man
called Adam*

*Who lived his days in awe-inspiring woe,
With that strange feeling surging in his
soul,*

*The same fierce hunger gnawing at his
heart.*

*An exquisite and impossible yearning, an
agony of regret,
A whirlpool of inhuman pain welled up in
him.*

*A weird sound, tongueless as a savage cry,
Escaped his heart that was alive yet had
never lived.*

*And even as he thought, the Lord of God
closed his eyelids*

*And he slept — so perfect, so divine a sleep.
From his body*

*God took one rib and filled its place with
flesh, that covered*

The mysterious sea of all his life.

*From that rib blazed forth
The herald of our destiny. Dark-emberless
Fire,
Raging o'er the earth,
You quench your misery in man's heart!
All-feeling seed, begotten in the wilder-
ness —
Mother of all lives!*

Gotta Make That Train

D. M. TAFE '60



BEFORE him stretched an endless black path, growing narrower in the distance, and then somehow becoming a long, wavering line of heat, rising into the air. Somewhere ahead lay a depot. At three o'clock his train would be pulling in. It was ten minutes to three. He had been a fool to imagine he could walk all the way.

Jim tried to hurry, but his feet stuck to the soft tar. Just two more miles to go. If he missed the train, somebody else would be there to get that job, and it was his job, the right job. He had waited a long time for this chance.

Suddenly he heard a car in the distance. Jim leaped into the middle of the road and waved his hands excitedly; but the speeding vehicle roared by, almost knocking him down. He dropped his hands to his sides and stood there, limp, exhausted, alone.

Then, suddenly, he heard a faint whistle! There it was again! The train. He began to run heavily. Just as he turned the bend, he noticed the car which had passed him

before. He stopped, panting and gasping for breath, and saw that the car stood about thirty feet from a telephone booth. Inside was a man talking. The motor was running, door open, keys dangling from the ignition. The whistle blew again. This time it was louder. Jim opened his mouth to say something. His throat was dry. Then, slowly, carefully, he got into the car and probed the pedals with his foot. In the mirror he saw the man, still holding the phone, staring after him oddly. Jim stared ahead and floored the accelerator.

He saw the depot up ahead and the train slowly approaching. As he started to slow down, he could hear the siren growing behind him. Then the heat waves seemed to settle and he felt a slow calm begin to grow in him. The cruiser had stopped, but Jim just sat there watching the policemen get out.

"This your car?" asked one of them, leaning down.

"Er . . . no," said Jim.

"Whose is it then?"

"Well, it belongs to a man down the . . ."

"Okay, get out and get your hands against the car." As he got out, the other officer ran his hands along Jim's coat.

"He's clean, Sergeant," he said finally.

"Look," began Jim, "I didn't want to take it . . . you see . . . it was an emergency and . . ."

The sergeant glanced at the train, steaming in front of the depot.

"Sure," he said, reaching for his handcuffs. "That kind of money is always an emergency."

"Money?" Jim gaped from one to the other.

The sergeant turned to the other officer. "Call the bank," he said, "and tell them to stand by for an identification. Everything checks: the car, the license number, the description . . ." The sergeant opened the back door of the car and looked inside.

Jim looked around and saw the black bag on the floor. "B-but I never saw that

before . . . it isn't mine . . . this car isn't mine. I was trying to make a train . . . this train." He stopped and stared back into the distance. "Look," he went on, "the man you want is down the road at a telephone booth."

"I know," said the other officer. "He

was the one who told us which way you were headed."

Jim just stood there, staring at them. Then he was in the patrol car. As they left, Jim turned to look back. The whistle was blowing for the last time; the train was slowly pulling out of the depot.

The Man Who Could Save the World

KENNETH R. SPRING '60

NEWS of the impending arrival of the eccentric philosopher had already reached France; but, aboard ship, Jacques Pelante leaned back and thoughtfully sipped his drink. Jacques was a member of the movement which was attempting to free France from King Louis XVI. His assignment was to discredit the king as much as possible so that many men would lose faith in him and join the movement.

The first step in Jacques' plan was a trip to the country of Algiers on the North African coast. The second and most important step was the purchase of an extremely intelligent orangutan from an Arab trader. The orangutan was about five feet tall, and walked with a scarcely perceptible lope. He stood erect and held his head up proudly. Though he possessed great strength, he did not resist his capture but walked slowly, almost deliberately, into a camouflaged trap.

Next, Jacques bought a toupee and a close-fitting, detailed mask of a human face for the beast; he even taught it how to wear clothes. Finally Jacques had to train the Simian to do several special tricks, one of which was the smoking of a pipe. Surprisingly enough, the orangutan learned this quickly, and actually seemed to enjoy it. He even began to blow smoke rings. After a while, the beast acquired the habit of rubbing his masked chin and gazing blankly into space. And, in general now, he so resembled a human being that Pelante gave him the name, Pierre Cervantes.

As the ship neared the dock at Marseilles, a small crowd of curious spectators assembled there; and, when Jacques and

Pierre walked down the gangplank together, there was a hum of excitement.

Jacques faced the group and announced.

"Friends, I would like you to meet a dear acquaintance of mine, Pierre Cervantes." A burst of applause followed his statement.

"Pierre is a philosopher. He may be a bit eccentric, but he's a genius." More applause.

"Pierre has not spoken a word in his whole life; for he is far too wise to concern himself with the small talk of the common people," pronounced Jacques, quite soberly.



"What do you think of the chances for war, Mr. Cervantes?" asked one of the reporters.

"Please, monsieur, do not offend him. His only concern is the problem of saving mankind. As a philosopher, his concentration on abstract matters is far too great for questions like yours," returned Jacques.

Soon Pierre Cervantes was the talk of Paris. He was invited to society balls, to debutante parties, to celebrations; he was even guest of honor at a dinner to commemorate Bastille Day. At all of these events, Pierre merely sat quietly in a corner and smoked his pipe. Occasionally he would munch a banana or rub his chin; otherwise he remained withdrawn from the gaiety which surrounded him.

Then Jacques began to notice a change coming over Pierre. He was acquiring a personality. He still followed his master obsequiously, but one could detect a defiant gleam in his eye.

Two days later, Jacques called on the king's secretary and arranged to have Pierre meet His Majesty on the following day.

Then the strangeness began, for Pierre had begun to brood, and Jacques got into the habit of talking to him.

"Pierre," he said, "tomorrow afternoon we are going to meet His Majesty King Louis XVI. I want you to be on your best behavior."

The beast seemed surprised, but he regained his usual blank composure when Pelante said, "He is a very important man, Pierre. You must make him believe in you. Do you understand?"

On the following day Pierre met King Louis.

"Your Majesty, this is Pierre Cervantes, the famous philosopher."

"Charmed, Monsieur Cervantes," replied the king jovially.

And so went the meeting, with Pelante speaking for Cervantes, who sat solemnly smoking his pipe, and the king replying energetically to Pelante's questions.

That evening Jacques received a visitor.

"Monsieur Pelante," he said, "Allow me to introduce myself. I am André Barton, chief security agent for His Majesty King Louis XVI. I have heard a rumor that you are attempting to discredit the king. I warn you that if you go any further with this thing, you will regret it."

"Monsieur Barton, you are too late; for I have already accomplished my task. I have proved that King Louis XVI is a fool," announced Pelante triumphantly.

"Explain that remark!" said Barton sharply.

"I suppose you know that I met the king yesterday and that I was accompanied by my friend, the philosopher Cervantes."

"Yes, yes, I do. So what! Come to the point quickly!" roared Barton impatiently.

"Well, Monsieur Pierre Cervantes is not a man; he is an orangutan," answered Pelante — "The King spoke with an orangutan!"

A change came over Barton's face. "This man is mad," he thought.

"Now, Pelante, what kind of a story is that?" he said.

"I do not ridicule you, monsieur. I am telling you the truth. He is not a man; I have disguised him," replied Pelante haughtily.

"All right, Pelante, prove it or die!" retorted Barton, inflamed by Pelante's coolness.

"We shall go to my apartment. He is there and I will show you," said Jacques hurriedly.

When they arrived at the hotel, Pelante led the way upstairs. Barton followed close behind. Jacques unlocked the door to the apartment and opened it. Pierre, unmasked and revealed, was seated at a table eating feverishly. He turned around and faced the visitors. The visage was long-haired and fanged; the eyes gleamed.

"Yes, Monsieur," the beast grunted deeply.

Barton stared for a long time. Then he turned and ran, hopping absurdly in his confusion.

"Well, monsieur, and now I suppose that is that . . . eh?"

"Yes, monsieur," grunted the beast in the same guttural tones.

Pelante took out a cigar, still watching the beast. Then Pierre turned around in his chair again. He was practicing:

"Yes, monsieur"

"Yes, monsieur"

"Yes, monsieur"

For these were the only words he knew.

They Played to Win

LEONARD GARDNER '61



BETWEEN 1869 and 1900, baseball enjoyed its most exciting and reckless years. Here was baseball's adolescence, its first transition from a semi-professional pastime to the big business it is today.

Originally brought over by the British, the game spent its first 100 years in sandlots under such diverse names as "one old cat," "rounders," "town ball," and a host of others. It remained in this crude form until September 23, 1845, when Alexander Cartwright brought forth baseball's first official set of rules, then in use by the New York Knickerbockers, an amateur club for wealthy young gentlemen. The rules did not come into general use, however, until the 1860's.

In 1869 something new and daring appeared on the baseball scene, the game's first all-professional team. The Cincinnati Red Stockings was dominating baseball that year as no team has ever done since. It toured the country, taking on all comers, and finished the season with a record of 57 undefeated games. The mainspring of

the Red Stockings was George Wright, hard hitting shortstop. In that short 1869 season, he scored 339 runs, hit 59 homers, and had a fantastic .518 batting average. For performing these feats, young George was paid a mere \$1,400. In fact, the whole team was paid a combined total of only \$9,500. Times have changed.

It should not be assumed, however, that if George Wright were playing today he would still set such tremendous records. Many differences between the early game and the modern game make a direct comparison impossible and unfair. Up to 1884 all pitchers were compelled to use a straight underhanded delivery. Even side-arm pitches were then illegal. To make up for this restriction, the distance from the mound to home plate was only 45' in comparison to today's distance of 60'6". Another noteworthy rule of this early period was the variable number of balls a batter could take before drawing a walk to first. The maximum number, nine, lasted through the 70's, then steadily diminished: eight in 1880, seven in 1882, and six in 1884.

One of the most important rule changes came in 1887. Until then, batters had the privilege of calling for either a high or low pitch. When this rule was finally rescinded, officials tried to compensate for the batter's unprecedented disadvantage by proposing two new rules: For the first time, a batter was to be allowed four strikes, and walks were to be scored as hits. That year there were fifteen .400 hitters, with a high of .492 held by Jim O'Neill. Fortunately for the records, both of these preposterous rules were retracted the following year.

But the difference between the old and the new in baseball goes much deeper than rules. The tone, the atmosphere of play has changed. In the old days baseball was rowdy. Spectators threw beer bottles at the umpire without making the papers, and the few restrictions and rules were so loosely enforced that both players and fans felt free to do as they pleased. Fights and drunken disorders were common, and it was a comparative rarity to see women and children in the stands, at least until the turn of the century. On the playing field ribaldry was often the order of the day. Spiking and beanballing were as much a part of the game as stealing and bunting.

Among the many flamboyant, hardplaying men of those times was the fabulous Mike "King" Kelly, quick-witted, unpredictable, a great showman and crowd pleaser. To the fans of the 1880's, Kelly *was* baseball. His skillful recklessness on the basepaths thrilled Chicago fans and helped bring many a championship to the White Stockings. One of Mike's favorite stunts was running from first to third via the pitching mound when the umpire was looking the other way. Such tomfoolery would never be allowed in today's comparatively dignified game, but it was all part of the show in King Kelly's time. Like too many of the other players of this early period, however, Mike Kelly led a hard-drinking dissolute life; and it was alcohol which eventually claimed Mike's life at the early age of 38.

No one will argue that Mike Kelly was the most spectacular star to come out of the 1880's, but for actual playing ability the King must place second to one man—Adrian Constantine Anson, known affectionately to all his fans as "Cap." For 27 arduous years, Cap Anson was the first baseman manager of the Chicago White

Stockings. Starting in 1871, Cap played superlative baseball in all departments for over a quarter of a century—a feat unheard of among modern-day players. Even in his last year, at the tender age of 46, Anson did not want to quit; but the Chicago fans, who had grown accustomed to his consistently high standard of play, began to clamor for new faces and new excitement. With a change in the team's ownership, Cap was forced off the White Stockings; but he did not leave baseball and made his last appearance at the age of 59 as the first baseman of a semi-professional team in New York.

There were others, equally as exciting. Undoubtedly the greatest single pitcher prior to the turn of the century was Charlie Radbourne. Among his many accomplishments, Charlie pitched a 60-win, 12-loss season for Providence in 1884, a record that will probably never be surpassed. The unchallenged master of player-endurance for this era, or any other era, was "Orator Jim" O'Rourke. "Orator Jim" (one of the most erudite players of all time) was an active ball player in organized baseball for a full fifty years. At the age of 54, Jim was still good enough to catch 100 games for Bridgeport. Then there was Jesse Burkett, the hitting star of the 90's. Three times in that decade Jesse surpassed the .400 mark. One of the most brilliant pitchers of all time was Charlie "Kid" Nichols, a product of the 90's, who won over 30 games for seven consecutive seasons. Before he was done, the Kid had amassed a total of 360 wins. Wee Willie Keeler was the greatest place hitter the game has ever known. Although Willie was only 5'4½" tall, his "hit 'em where they ain't" policy resulted in a lifetime batting average of .345.

The list of greats seems endless: Hugh Duffy; Dan Brothers; Buck Ewing; Big Ed Delahanty; Candy Cummings, the inventor of the curve ball; Hugh Daily, the one-armed pitcher; and John J. McGraw, the scrappiest ball player of them all. These men and others like them were the rugged pioneers of a rugged sport. They played only to win, with no quarter asked or given. Their type of baseball dwarfs its modern counterpart in its feverish pitch and excitement. They displayed such showmanship, sincerity, and in many ways, such superior ability, that today's Ivy League ball player seems sluggish and drab in comparison.

The Guppy and the Penny

STANLEY RAFFEL '61

DANNY and his young friend walked eagerly into the pet store. The younger boy was attracted to a tank of angel fish. "Hey Danny, look at these ones."

"Neat."

"Can we get one?"

"No, costs too much, 'specially for us."

"What about that little guppy over there?"

Danny turned toward the darting fish. "Looks O. K.," he said. "Hey, mister, we'll take this one."

"That little one at the bottom? I wouldn't if I were you, doesn't look too healthy."

"That's O. K., mister, how much?"

"Fifteen cents." The man netted the small fish and put the trembling thing in a small container.

"You'd better hurry home before the poor thing freezes," he warned.

Danny and his friend left quickly. The icy streets were slippery and the walking slow. The fish swam nervously and quickly in the small container. It felt the bitter cold and instinctively sought to escape it by constant motion. When they finally reached Danny's house, the fish was perhaps the least relieved.

Danny hurried to his bedroom.

"Get the book, Billy," he said. The boy quickly complied.

"See if you can find the chapter on diseases," Danny mumbled, more interested in pouring the young fish into a bowl.

The guppy, frightened at his new surroundings, darted madly against the sides of the container. It shone with the colors of the mating season. Three dark patches marked each side of its sleek body. Its dorsal fin stood erect and defiant. Green and red glistened from its long, flowing tail. It's a pity they were planning to kill it!

Danny walked over to Billy. "Did you find it?" His friend nodded and pointed to a chapter on diseases.

"Well, read it to me, stupid," Danny said impatiently.

"The whole thing?"

"Oh, never mind. Lemme see it." He poured through the pamphlet eagerly. "Humm, no, no, oh, here it is. Objects of copper or brass should never, never be placed in contact with aquarium water."

Billy thought for a moment. "What's that got to do with us?"

"That's how we're gonna' do it, you idiot."

"I don't know, Danny; maybe I don't think I wanna'. Why should we kill a guppy?"



"For kicks," said Danny.

Billy thought for a moment.

He said, "We don't have nothin' of copper or brass."

Danny laughed, "No? What about a penny?" He searched through his "money can" for a new penny. ("Might as well do it up right.") Danny tenderly polished the murder weapon with this handkerchief.

"This is gonna' be great," he said.

Looking a little worried, Billy walked toward the older boy. "Who's gonna' drop the penny in?" His weak voice quaked with fear.

"Oh, I'll do it, you little chicken." Danny's voice proved it would be a pleasure.

Billy shut his small eyes, Danny opened his wide, and the fish blinked with curiosity as the penny dropped to the bottom of the bowl. The guppy eyed it suspiciously but soon moved toward it. The penny glistened ominously in the cool water. Hungrily, the fish began to nibble at it, but quickly drew back in terror. Danny laughed ecstatically. The poison began to mix with the water. The fish fled to the surface, desperately

seeking fresh air. It blew huge air bubbles.

"This is better than a Chinese torture," Danny laughed. The guppy lost its balance and was swimming on its side. Its sleek body flashed defiance, but gradually weakened. Its small gills opened and longingly gasped for air. The deep redness of its flesh was exposed. It fought and struggled. Little pieces of the flesh floated lightly to the bottom. The fish followed and rolled on its side. Danny laughed but not so hard. The guppy spun against the sandy bottom. For a moment it was veiled in a kind of mist. Danny peered anxiously. Then the cloud was gone and the fish stopped struggling. Perhaps, for a tiny instant, Danny lost his delight. He seemed to realize what he had done; but just for an instant, and then his joy returned. He fished the dead guppy (or at least the biggest piece of it) from the dirty water and threw it down the toilet.

They left the room and went outside. Danny stared vacantly at the old oak tree across the street. Suddenly, his small face shone. "Hey," he said to his friend who appeared a bit nauseous, "look at that nice fat sparrow!"

*U. S. 64
black, flat
grainy-tarred
rolling up a grade and saying
"prairie — end here"
passing the clodded cornfield.
Raton Municipal Airport,
solitary wind sock
luffing at a whisper from the mountains —
"mesas — rise to the ROCKIES"
"ROCKIES — drop to the sea!"*

West

DANIEL J. BARNETT '62

*Wind, sweeping from the distant east
and lifting dust devils
and tumbling tumbleweed
and turning wind mills
that dredge water from the prairie bowels
and spill it bubbling
into corrugated cattle tanks,
wind that rolls uninhibited
from the east,
from the lakes,
from Chicago's paper-strewn streets
and slides up the scrub-lined sides
of the ROCKY foothills.*

*U. S. 64,
its dotted white line
vanishing in the distance
and the dust of the desert.*

In Praise of Thought

LEONARD GARDNER '61

A REVIEW: *Men of Mathematics*, by E. T. Bell. Simon and Schuster, New York, 1937. 592 pp.

For centuries men have been awed by advanced mathematics and the men who use it. To the layman, mathematics is an incomprehensible mumbo-jumbo of signs and symbols, while the mathematician remains a strange, shadowy figure, content to while away his life in seclusion. Both these common misconceptions are quickly and permanently dispelled by Eric Temple Bell's informative and readable book, *Men of Mathematics*.

Men of Mathematics is, in format, a series of biographies on the greatest minds of mathematics; but Mr. Bell's unrestricted scope extends the treatment into interpretation as well. Starting with the ancient Greek geometers, Zeno and Eudoxus, and finishing with the modern master of infinities, Georg Cantor, Bell takes us through over 2,000 years of study and thought.

A mathematician himself, Bell frequently probes the ideas of his subjects and interprets them succinctly for us. These elucidations *can* be, for the interested reader, the most valuable part of the book, although they often must be reread for complete understanding. Thus, with some effort we can acquire a limited knowledge of the more abstruse fields of mathematics never covered in a high school course.

Bell pays particular attention to the mistreatment and abuse given many of our greatest mathematicians. The life of the great French mathematician Galois is a tragic example.

Évariste Galois peacefully spent the first eleven years of his life in bourgeois happiness. His genius first appeared when he enrolled at the lycée of Louis-le-Grand in 1823 at the age of twelve. Here, his mathematical ability was ignored while he was forced to devote all his time to rhetoric and the classics. At sixteen, no longer able to endure the lycée, Galois took the entrance

examination for the great École Polytechnique. His incompetent examiners were so nonplused and disparaged by his obvious superiority, that they failed him out of sheer spite.

Bitterly disappointed and frustrated, Galois joined a group of revolutionaries in an attempt to get revenge on the society which had so stupidly snubbed him. Because of his subversive activities, he had to spend the next few years as much in prison as out. At this time he had a love affair with a worthless coquette over whom he would later lose his life in a duel of "honor." On the night before the duel, Galois wrote out the masterpiece of his life, a momentous work on the theory of equations, a book which is still of the highest importance today. The next day he was shot through the stomach and buried in a ditch. He was twenty-one years old.

Galois' downfall was caused by the sheer stupidity and indifference of his society. Likewise, many of his fellow mathematicians faced similar abuse and adversity, which often curtailed and repressed their genius far below its full potential. For Abel (1802-1829), one of the great founders of algebraic analysis, and Lobatchewsky (1793-1856), an outstanding pioneer in non-Euclidian geometry, crippling poverty was their particular affliction. For Georg Cantor (1845-1918), the brilliant inventor of transfinite arithmetic, the cruel jeers and ridicule of his recalcitrant contemporaries brought on his undoing. A hypersensitive soul, Cantor could not bear such attacks, and had to spend a large part of his life in mental institutions.

Men of Mathematics is a sometimes witty, sometimes moving, always authoritative account of the struggles, hardships, and victories of our greatest mathematicians, plus a worthwhile, though difficult, explanation of their chief contributions. It is especially recommended for mathematically minded readers with ample time and ambition.

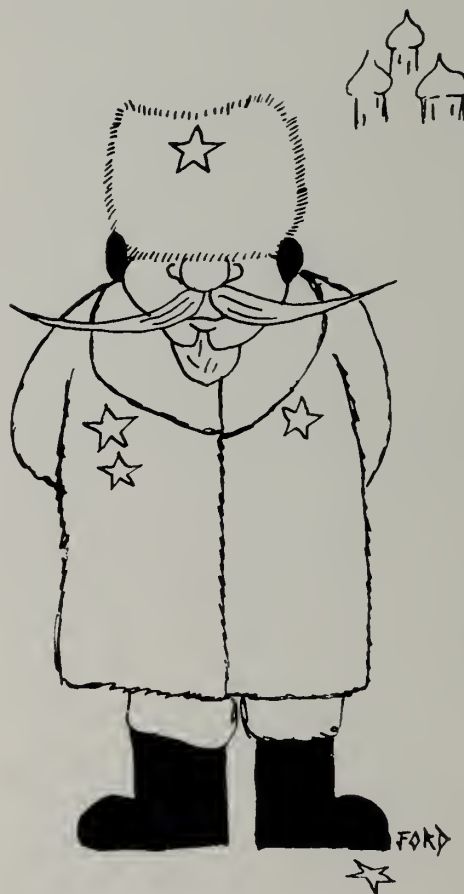
The Life of Alexandrovitch Reguspatoff

DANIEL J. BARNETT '62

ON the outskirts of Magnitigorsk, in the heart of Russia's iron mining complex, Alexandrovich H. Reguspatoff was born to poor but honest parents, Vanya and Georgi Reguspatoff. Georgi worked in the mines and Vanya in the accounting office, scrubbing floors. The frail child, who was destined to become the world's foremost inventor, spent his early years in Snasnegovnorod Community Nursery with all the other Magnitigorskian children. Alexandrovich, however, was not like the other children in this nursery; and, as children very often are, his comrades were cruel to him. In addition, his teachers admonished him loudly and often for being a "dreamer" and a "tinkerer."

One spring day — the year was 1900 and he was seven years old — Alexandrovich felt an urge to be communicative. He and his only friend Nikolai Obsapouf (later killed in the Third Great Purge) went to a store-room in the accounting office, where Alexandrovich, assisted by Nikolai, invented the first telephone, using some thin-filament wire and two old soup cans. The simple people of Magnitigorsk were amazed at this marvel and the mayor immediately had telephone poles erected throughout the city.

Unfortunately, these early telephones had three drawbacks: first of all, in order to use them, one had to shout quite loudly into one end in order to produce even a faint whisper at the other end; secondly, the sound was carried only a short distance (this was, as Reguspatoff explained, because of vibrations); and thirdly, if the telephone line touched any obstructions, the vibrations (phenomena earlier designated by Reguspatoff) were deadened. This, of course, made the newly installed telephone poles useless. Reguspatoff again saved the day however, by suggesting that the mayor have the tops of the poles painted green, thereby transforming them into artificial trees, which were greatly lacking in a rough industrial town like Magnitigorsk. This invention, slightly modified, is now widely used at Christmas-time. This gave the people of the city an excuse to send Alexandrovitch away to engineering school.



Eager to leave the confines of Magnitigorsk and see the world, Alexandrovitch, escorted by a group of townspeople who wanted to see him safely on the train, went to the railroad station and boarded the Trans-Siberian railroad for Moscow. But he had no eye for the beauty of the Siberian landscape and instead of looking out the window he read an old issue of *The Scientific Russian* all the way to Moscow.

He was enrolled in the Moscow Institute of Technology for a period of three months, at the end of which he was discharged for being a "dreamer" and "tinkerer" and for stabbing a classmate during a metaphysical argument. After thus finishing his educa-

tion, Alexandrovitch turned to free-lance inventing to earn his bread and vodka. During this time he lived in a one-room apartment in the basement of the factory which made all the rubber washers for all the faucets in all of Russia. One day, while visiting the factory, he saw a crude electric cable melt from the heat of electric current passing through it. Just before it melted, it turned a bright red and gave off quite a bit of heat. Reguspatoff jumped to his feet and yelling R' OTKPNBAU (Russian for *Eureka*), dashed off to the city dump to procure a length of steel rail. Shortly, he returned and, setting the rail on top of two huge steel piers, he attached one high power cable to one end, another to the other end, and turned on the power. It worked! The rail started to glow and give off a fierce amount of heat. In fact, this, as little known as it may be, started the Great Moscow Fire. And so it happened that Alexandrovich Reguspatoff invented the incandescent light bulb.

Shortly after this incident, Alex took up residence in Leningrad. He worked there for a year as an apprentice vacuum cleaner salesman during a lull in the productivity of his inventive mind. At the end of that year, out of the necessity to relieve sheer boredom, he invented the airplane, the motion picture projector and the harmonica, all on the afternoon of his twenty-fourth birthday. These inventions brought him into the forefront of social and economic activity in Leningrad, and he was given the honorary title of "Second Assistant Czar" just in time for the outbreak of the Russian Revolution.

There is an old Russian proverb which states, "Necessity is the Mother of Invention"; and the revolution set the stage for Reguspatoff's next invention, the innovation of counter-spying.

Reguspatoff was certain that the revolution would be quelled in short order, but when he was captured by the revolutionists and tried for his life on the charge of being a "repressor of freedom" (Czarist nobleman), he found it to his immediate advantage to volunteer his services to the revolution as a spy. The Bolsheviks realized that he would be invaluable to their cause because of the faith the White Russians had in him. However, Alexandrovitch still did not believe in the revolution; and, in order to be on the right side when it ended,

he offered his services, also as a spy, to the White Russians. Thus, although he did not engage in actual spying, Alexandrovitch Reguspatoff survived the Great Russian Revolution.

As revolutions will do, it ruined him financially for a time. However, seeing that the new regime was more or less permanently in power, he joined the *Party*. The *Party*, in turn, was not in the least unhappy to have him; for, although they disapproved of any remnants of the Czarist society which they had just overthrown, they admired inventive genius and were thankful for the many gifts Alexandrovitch had given to society, particularly the harmonica, without which the Russians found it impossible to express themselves musically. In fact, Boris Chokoff, the famous Russian composer of modern-classical music wrote his *First Harmonica Concerto* on the eve of the day Reguspatoff joined the *Party*, and dedicated it to him.

It was not long before Reguspatoff rose higher and higher in the ranks of the *Party*. Through another one of his imaginative innovations, the *Purge*, he became Second Assistant Premier during his second year in the *Party*.

One day, while he was sitting in his office tinkering with a self-modified version of the guillotine, a messenger brought in the daily notices. He scanned them quickly and his eye caught the name "Nikolai Obsapouf" . . . He read on ". . . is to be purged on the grounds of wasting the state's green paint on outdated telephone poles. The thought of his only boyhood friend being ensnared in one of his own innovations revolted him. Reguspatoff was not ungrateful. He had not yet invented the radio or the telegraph, and he figured that it would take longer to do so than to travel to Magnitigorsk by train.

Boarding the train at the Alexandrovitch Hasniskivartch Reguspatoff Trans-Siberian Railroad Station, with a detachment of body guards, he started for his boyhood town of Magnitigorsk. The railroad was now equipped with an electric propulsion system that Alexandrovitch had invented, called the Alexandrovitch H. Reguspatoffian system of electric propulsion; and, although it was not very reliable, it was tremendously flattering. Unfortunately, the train broke down on schedule thirty miles

from Magnitigorsk. By this time Alexandrovitch had only an hour left and was quite desperate. Right then and there he invented the automobile and drove the rest of the distance to Magnitigorsk. But, as this was the first time he had ever driven, he hit an artificial tree on the outskirts of the town; and, since it was too late to invent another car, he had to run the rest of the way. Consequently, he arrived twenty minutes too late.

Suddenly a feeling of oppression and grief overtook Reguspatoff and, driven by the memory of his dead friend, Obsapouf, he disappeared.

Three months later, Vanya Reguspatoff was cleaning out the storeroom in the accounting office from which a peculiar heat seemed to emanate and she found her son sitting in his last invention, the electric chair.

Not only was Reguspatoff the world's greatest inventor, but also a writer of fan-

tastic genius. Had he lived in Shakespeare's time, it would have been certain that Shakespeare had copied his ideas and manner of writing from Reguspatoff, for their styles are remarkably similar. Reguspatoff, however, wrote on technical and metaphysical topics. Well known to all are his theses "Why A Bull Does Not Whistle" and "What Makes a Second Tooth Grow?" and his novel based on the life of an inventor, entitled, "Oh, How Hard it is to Live in the Basement of the Moscow Washer Factory!"

The reason that the name of Reguspatoff is not better known is because of his extreme modesty. However, either his name or that of Patrick Pending (Pat for short) can be found printed in very small letters on most small items manufactured in the United States. Unfortunately, the Americans are loath to admit that all these things were invented by a Russian, so that they disguise his name: Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

When Winter Comes

STEPHEN ARNOLD '60

IN a small rustic cabin hidden among the Vermont pines, Erik T. Greylok sat reading a morning paper. Mr. Greylok did not live in a cabin because he was poor; nor did he read the paper for enjoyment. The cabin was purposely simple so as not to distract Mr. Greylok while he was thinking. The paper was a tool in his work. Mr. Greylok was a social psychologist plus.

Mr. Greylok skimmed the front pages quickly. The Big Three, Brazil, New North Africa, and Indo-Asia were at Geneva again, trying to solve problems bequeathed to them by other Big Threes and Big Fours; the Siberians were claiming to have discovered a slightly improved force-field; a Burlington girl had been attacked and killed; President Jonas was playing golf in California. Nothing new there, he mused. On a back page, he found what he was seeking.

In a small town on the Brazilian sector

of Mars, indignant humans had beaten up three natives who had unwittingly strayed into a restricted area. Mr. Greylok read the article twice, closely analyzing the state of mind of the man who had written it. He was about to compare the incident's treatment in a second newspaper when a knock on the door interrupted him. That, reflected Mr. Greylok, would be Curlis.

Greylok opened the door on a large, clean-cut man. Jon Curlis was all the news-reels had shown him to be. The brash, young politician looked squarely at the old thinker and said, "Erik Greylok."

There was enough of a question in his voice to warrant an answer. Greylok nodded.

"Good," said the visitor. "I'm Jon Curlis."

"I'm glad to meet a man who makes so many headlines. Come in, Mr. Curlis. Sit down."



"Thanks. I can use the rest. I had enough trouble finding the place."

"I live out here for a reason," the old man remarked. "Mr. Curlis, your letter was rather vague. At the risk of seeming overly blunt, I'd like to dispense with the amenities and ask why you're here."

"Certainly, sir. You see, I have some questions that I want answered. A friend told me you could probably answer them as well as anyone in the world. You see, year after year, I've noticed — everyone has noticed — that the old U. S. A. loses more and more of her former power and prestige. Although I'd never say this in front of an audience, America is obviously a third-rate power. My question is, er . . ."

"Why and what comes next," completed Greylock.

"That's about it, I guess. It seems the U. S. has run the gamut from spring to winter. What now?"

"Mr. Curlis, your analogy is rather poor. It's much too static. Let's use a better one: that is, my own. Picture the human race as an individual climbing a mountain. Then, expand this. Let the climber be represented as a climbing party, its members kept in touch by a loose rope. Each climber represents a nation. Always, some climbers are slightly higher than others. After a while those in the rear become tired and others pass them. The important thing is that the group, humanity, continue to go higher. This is, of course, an over-simplification, but it is broader and more inclusive than yours."

"It's all very well," protested Curlis, "to speak of humanity's rise. However, we must be practical. I serve the United States. It is now among the lowest of the 'climbers,' as you put it. What about the U. S.?"

"You are a rather narrow, nationalistic man, Mr. Curlis. I am now certain I won't vote for you next November. Of course, you will become president anyway. Fortunately, the Constitution is set up in such a way that you won't be able to do too much damage."

"O. K. So I don't please you. To be blunt . . ."

"You always are."

"Er, to be blunt," the politician stammered, "I don't especially care. I only want an answer to my question. What about the U. S.?"

"The answer should follow easily. The climbers now in the front must themselves weaken. Someone must overtake them. To use your own clumsy figure — why even a man as young as you must have observed that seasonal changes are cyclical. If I may quote a man long dead, 'If winter comes, can spring be far behind?'"

The young man's face brightened. "Now I understand. Thank you, Mr. Greylok. Thank you very much. That's just what I wanted to know, just what I came for."

"Then you can leave," Greylok noted. In a flurry of good wishes, Curlis was out the door.

For a long time after Curlis had gone, Greylok sat and thought. "Yes," he mused, "he got what he wanted all right. I wonder if they have prizes for the best examples of equivocation . . . He didn't realize how wholly inapplicable his 'seasons' figure was. In his effort to hear what he wanted to hear, he didn't see that spring never comes for a fallen nation — no more than it does for a man in the winter of life."

Greylok walked over to the fireplace and set a log on the diminishing pile. "Funny, though, how easy it was to make him think the United States would be the country to surpass the front-runners. If only these young men would study history! The old countries never rise again. He should know that. Only the fresh, new ones ever climb up to challenge those closer to the top."

"Funniest thing of all — or maybe the most tragic — is that he wasn't even worried about humanity as a whole. His damned provincial outlook wouldn't let him follow my mountain analogy through to the crucial question."

For the thousandth time, Erik Tomaso Greylok began to wonder what was on top of the mountain.

Problem Solved

ANDREW RAZIN '63

THE five delegates seated themselves comfortably around the table and endured an almost morbid silence as they waited for the meeting to begin.

"Comradcs, we are assembled here today to discuss the problem of surpassing the American economy," Commissar Sergei Bolavich believed in opening conferences with little or no formality. This was the fifth closed-door conference he had called in fifteen days.

"As you all very well know, we have the Americans 'by the throat,' so to speak, in the fields of military rocketry and space-travel, but it is they who hold the advantage in economy, contrary to what we have put on the TAS newswire. Our problem, as I said, is to offset their living standard."

"But Comrade, you yourself said that it would be years before our production output came close to theirs." Rachov's lean face showed intelligence, but it also divulged his dog-like stupidity for following orders.

"We could leave things to their natural course and surpass them in about six or seven years; but, Comrades, think of the psychological blow it would be to them and the rest of the world if we passed them, let us say, within twenty months." He saw general agreement in the faces of the "representatives," who were already loosening their ties. One problem arose, however: how to do it.

Bolavich sensed their perplexity and said, "What is the staple of the American economy?"

"Large production output." The answer came almost simultaneously from two or three of the men.

"Output of what?" the Commissar asked like an impatient schoolteacher.

"Automobiles."

"Exactly! Now here is my plan. . . ."

Two hours later, six tired men came out of the conference room. Their faces were haggard, but one could see confidence and optimism in their eyes.

At the United States Steel Company plant in Pittsburgh, Ralph Mawson, president of the Pittsburgh AFL-CIO, was just

finishing up some of his paper work. Two more files to go over and then home. It was then that his door opened without a knock. In walked his contact.

"I told you not to meet me here anymore; they're getting suspicious."

"Forget that. This is important."

Mawson put down the file and slumped wearily into a chair. He didn't even know his contact's name, yet for all he knew he might be Herbert Philbrick, just waiting for the first chance to turn him in.

"What do you want now?" he asked.

The contact looked around outside the office, then locked the door.

"I have here some papers from Moscow. You are to follow instructions literally and then destroy them. You will contact me when you have completed your assignment."

He handed Mawson the papers and left the room as quietly as he had entered.



Mawson read the plans twice and then burnt them. Three hectic days later he called his contact at his ever-changing hotel room. After five or six rings the phone at the other end was answered.

"Hello?"

"It's me, Mawson."

"Is your assignment completed?"

"Yes. On July 15, at midnight, 85% of the country's steelworkers will go on strike."

An Interview With Mr. Ford

EDWARD B. JAKMAUH, JR. '60

DAVID M. TAFE '60

IF you should happen to walk by Room 208 and venture a glance in the door, there is no doubt you would see a tall, tweed-jacketed gentleman bent over his desk, busily preparing an American history lesson or filling out report cards. And if you were to venture even further and speak to him, you would find him very affable, with an explosive laugh; and you would immediately discover something else; he is, unmistakably and quite obviously, English. An Englishman teaching American history — is this possible? It most certainly is, for this is our Mr. Peter North Ford of Rossall School in England, who is engaged in an exchange program whereby Mr. Pearson has gone to England and Mr. Ford has come to the “colonies” (or “America” as they are called).

Mr. Ford's education has been wide and strong. He attended Lancing College, Sir Edmund Hall at Oxford, and the Honor School of Modern History. His schooling was interrupted by military service in which he gained the rank of Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery in 1947. Besides Rossall School, he has also taught at Hurst Pierpoint College.

Before bringing up any specific subjects, we asked Mr. Ford to tell us of his first impressions of the United States. He had, he explained, before coming to Boston, visited Maryland, New York, Virginia, and the capital at Washington.

He found the roads to be excellent, and he noticed that everyone seemed to be moving about in great haste. He was quite puzzled about the very small number of bicycles passing him on the road. When, however, while cycling himself, he was “almost run down at once,” he immediately realized why bicycles are not as popular here as in England.

Mr. Ford was very much impressed by the importance of money in the United States. “Many of the little things, such as parking one's car, checking one's hat, which are free in England, are often expensive here.” While shopping, he also noticed that



“clerks are polite and interested in the customer only when they think he is going to buy something.” “The average person, too,” he said, “seems prone to judge another by his income — not by what he is as a person. The social or monetary distinction is much more prominent here than in England.”

When we asked Mr. Ford about Boston, he came right out and said it was “very dirty.” This, we might point out, has been the opinion of many noteworthy men who have visited the city in recent years.

Mr. Ford also felt that there could be more policemen on duty. There weren't enough “bobbies” here and they weren't on the spot.

Mr. James B. Conant, president emeritus of Harvard College, who just recently completed his report on U. S. high schools, is said to have found “an almost vicious overemphasis on athletics.” When we asked Mr. Ford if this were true in the English

high schools, he replied: "Although athletics exist to some extent in the 'public' schools, there is not nearly as much emphasis as in the U. S.; and in the 'state' schools it amounts to practically nothing when compared with what you have here." Mr. Ford did say, however, that he thoroughly enjoyed watching the athletic competition here. He saw the B. C.-B. U., and Dorchester-Latin football games, and also the cross country races. He was, however, somewhat alarmed at the fights which broke out at one of the games. "In England," he said, "it simply wouldn't happen — I think the boys are better behaved." He went on to say: "I was very surprised to see how effective the discipline is at Latin School, especially since you do not have 'beatings.'"

(In the English 'public' school, the older boys keep the young-ones in line by administering physical punishment — "beatings.") "In England, we have nothing at all like your misdemeanor mark system. Your whole administration of discipline here amazes me." In the English schools, he pointed out, the teacher-student relationship is of much more personal nature. "It is much more like a factory here — each boy having his own complete itemized record of grades, conduct, and attendance. Not nearly as much is recorded in England."

He sees great danger in this emphasis on grades, in that it directly detracts from the "love of learning," so to speak. He was astonished to hear boys on the street cars talking only of grades — not of their subjects, constantly interested in their marks in "this test or that."

At one point when Mr. Ford was giving us the merits of the Rossall school, we, not

to be slighted, brought out that Leonard Bernstein is a graduate of Latin School. He promptly told us that he did not know much about "this fellow Bernstein," but that Sir Thomas Beecham was a graduate of Rossall school. We dropped the subject.

Turning to the more serious, we asked Mr. Ford about national and international issues. He seemed to think that labor relations are better in England than in the U. S. He brought out that there has not been a strike in quite some time, and whenever there is one, it seems to be settled without too much difficulty.

We then asked Mr. Ford a very important question, which proved to be the most revealing of all. Did he think that Great Britain has lost or is losing its international importance and influence among the nations of the new atomic world? He earnestly refused to believe so. He said the secret of Great Britain's strength lies in the Commonwealth. These bonds are the strength of Great Britain, and shall always maintain her importance to the world. In these thoughts we sensed a man who believed wholly in his country and his fellow countrymen — an admirable trait in any man.

Before concluding the interview, we asked Mr. Ford if he had any hobbies. He informed us that he plays golf and cricket, likes to garden, and also likes to try his hand at amateur writing.

As a final question we solicited his advice to the students. He wrenched up his face for a moment and thought. Then, dramatically, he said, "work hard and play hard." He paused, — then suddenly his face lit up: "And be sure to visit the British Exhibition in New York, June 10th through 26th."



The Cycle

HAROLD GERSHMAN '60

“Brigham Circle! Brigham Circle!”
“Hey, hey, wait a minute!”

The bus doors hissed shut, and the gears ground into place. Henry grasped the nearest pole and clung there, oblivious to his noisy confinement. Oh, oh, he thought, there he is again. As if being in the same room isn't bad enough, he practically follows me everywhere I go, like a plague. He's hated me from the first day he moved into the neighborhood. Lord knows how many times I've tried to make friends with him; I've used every trick in the book. But no, not Bob! Him and his high-and-mighty jazz; always better than me. Why I even — what's the use of thinking about it. Give him the silent treatment just have nothing to do with him. What else can I do? I — “Hey, watch who you're pushing, sixie! Now get off me! Come on, move, before I”

Friday morning moved quickly. The English and Latin tests were a breeze, but the math test was bad. Henry was disgusted all home room period for goofing it up; however, the fresh air in fifth period gym enlivened his spirits. “Over here!” Bob shouted. “I'm all alone!” It was a long pass. Having cut across to intercept it, Henry lunged high into the air, unmindful that Bob was the receiver. He deflected the ball, but fell hard upon Bob.

Bob was up first. “Hey, what's the big idea!” he roared angrily.

“I, I”

“Think you're funny . . . a wise guy.”

“But, but I didn't mean — hey, cut that out.”

“Do something about it.”

“Cut the pushing!”

“An' if I don't?”

Just then a shrill whistle sounded. “Hold the balls that's it.”

Bob glared at Henry for a second and then started in. The other boys followed, but Henry didn't move. Guess that showed him, he thought. Stood right up to him.

The feeling was new and exciting.

“You, there!” a voice rang out, “do you understand English?”

“Huh, oh, yes sir.”

For the rest of the day and throughout the weekend, Henry thought about it. He couldn't get over how he had pushed Bob back. In school on the following Monday, Henry seemed like a new person, engulfed as he was in a new sense of strength and



courage. As he expected, Bob had not forgotten the incident. Full of confidence, though, Henry decided to take everything in stride.

The days turned into weeks, and between the two enemies a quiet burning slowly grew stronger. Rarely speaking, they sometimes exchanged soft punches on the shoulders. When Bob muttered an insult, Henry happily answered with another. Since Henry realized Bob would not start a fight in school, he continually increased his harassment of him. Formerly he had lacked the courage to stand up to Bob, but now he fancied that Bob was even somewhat afraid of him. Strangely, things began to change for Henry. Even his marks were up.

The Thanksgiving Day weekend came quickly. That Saturday Henry decided to reconnoiter the park; perhaps some of the fellers had a football game going. It was a snappy autumn day, and a cold breeze occasionally shot over the big field. Henry walked quickly, looking at the leaves blow-

ing about his feet, and almost bumped into a boy now approaching him.

"What do you say there, Henry?" Bob had a peculiar smile.

"Oh, Bob, I didn't even see you."

"Where ya heading?" said Bob, looking around furtively.

"The diamond."

"No one's there. I'm just returning from there myself."

"I thought we could get a game going. You know, with Pete, you . . ."

"Ohhhh, you wouldn't care if I was in the game?"

"What? What are you talking about?"

"Well, look now, we're not exactly the best of friends . . . and for some time now," continued Bob, "you've been making with the big words."

"So, what about it? I might have said a few things, but . . ."

"A few things! The way I got it, you could take me single handed with your eyes blindfolded."

"Hey now, take it easy. Look, just because I . . ."

Bob took off his jacket and put it down on the ground. "It's time for action," he said calmly.

"But look, I, I only meant . . . I mean . . ." Henry groped for something to say; he could not set his mind straight.

"Come on," said Bob, raising his fists and getting into a crouch. "I haven't got

all day Changing your mind now?" His unruffled tone pierced into Henry's mind.

"\Wha, what do you mean?"

"Come off it; don't act so innocent. You've been asking for this fight for a long time."

When Henry remained silent, Bob continued, "\What's-a-matter, you chickening out now? You were a big man in school."

"Oh, you thought so? Well I can't help that. Now get outta the way; I've better things to do than stand here."

"Oh no, we're settling this right now."

"Hey lay off cut it out, or else . . ."

"Or else what?" Bob suddenly shoved Henry hard. Henry rushed back, attempting to get away; but Bob grabbed him and started swinging. The two fell to the ground, and Henry was pinned there, unable to move.

"Well . . . Henry," Bob said mockingly between breaths, "we'll see ya around." Then he got up, brushed off his clothes and left laughing to himself.

Henry stared after Bob, watching him turn the corner. Getting up slowly, he felt the pain in his back. It was a long walk home. The air was cold, refreshing. There was plenty of time to think: about Bob perhaps, or the fight or about himself.

Payola, Payolae—Fem.

HAROLD GERSHMAN '60

SIR, Cornelius Maro, the actor, wishes to see you; but you already have an appointment at two with"

"Cornelius Maro! Show him in by all means, Lesbia; hurry, before he gets insulted and cancel all my other appointments." (At last he's come. What a commission! If I can only persuade him) "Well, well, well, it certainly is a pleasure and an honor to meet such a distinguished actor as you, sir."

"Why, thank you, Mr. Afer. Your last letter finally induced me to come here and discuss the matter further."

"I'm delighted that you came. Have a seat and make yourself comfortable. A goblet of wine? Imported, you know, from the East."

"Ah, a refreshing suggestion, indeed, Mr. Afer num, this *is* superb. Now, sir,

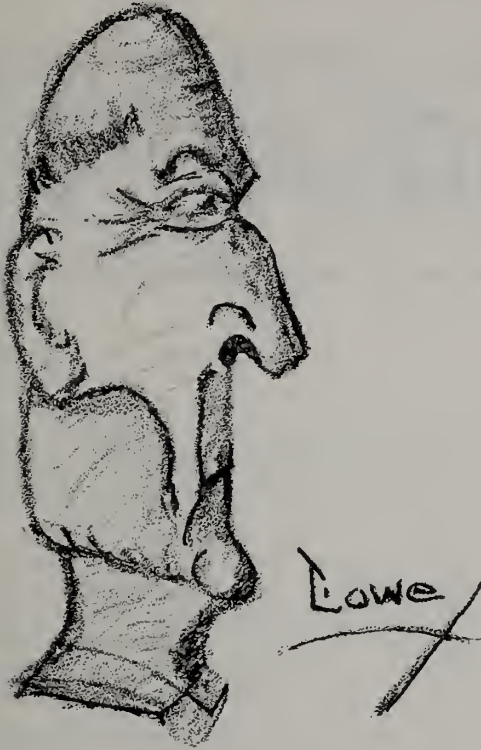
about our business. In your letters you stated that I could reap a huge fortune very easily, but you neglected even to hint how this could be done."

"Well, Cornelius, the story's this. My firm, the Latium Advertising Agency, has been contacted by several companies desiring a certain kind of propagandizing, known in the trade as 'plugging.'"

"Plugging? How do I fit in?"

"Here, I'll give you an example. One of my clients, the Caecuban Wine Co., has spotted a place in your current play which looks very promising for their product. You know that scene when you enter Lucius' house after your long journey, and he gives you a goblet of wine?"

"Naturally, my next line is "Ah, this wine is delicious."



"Precisely, Cornelius; but instead you will include in the dialogue something like 'Ah, this *Caecuban* wine is delicious. You have exquisite taste, Lucius.'"

"And that, Mr. Afer, will make everyone run out and buy *Caecuban* wine?"

"Let's not be facetious, Cornelius; you just don't realize the power you possess in being such a renowned actor. You can almost rule the subconscious minds of your audiences. Remember when Caesar used to express a desire for something? All Rome immediately did likewise. Why, just six months ago Gaius Pativinus included in his role a 'plug' for the Etruscan Rug Co. Today the company still can't keep up with the demand."

"Hm, I was wondering where ol' Gaius got the money for his trip to Greece. But, but I don't know, Mr. Afer; it's kind of risky. I'll be ruined if I'm caught. And besides, there's a rumor about that a couple of senators are going down to Messina where Aurelius is playing, that they're going to speak with him about some so-called bribery charge or other."

"Yes, so I've also heard, an unfortunate incident, indeed. However, Aurelius is not associated with my firm. He's working through some second-rate agency in Capua. My company will take every precaution against any such incident occurring to you. We have two of the best lawyers in Rome

who see to it that everything is done just right. We'll even make it appear that you're on the payroll . . . as, as an advertising consultant, for example. You can copy some of our reports; and if anyone wants proof, there it is in your own handwriting."

"You certainly have everything figured out, Mr. Afer; but I, I still don't know if it's worth it. What'll I get out of it?"

"Well, it depends on the individual companies. Now, the *Caecuban* Wine Co. will give you a new 'Spartan' chariot plus a reasonable amount of money for each month that the play runs. On the other hand, *Venus Jewelry*, which is also interested in your play, is offering not only a considerable sum of money but also all-expense-paid vacations at the resorts in *Brundisium*. Oh, there are many companies you can do business with. Need furniture? *Scipio & Sons Furniture Co.* is just the ticket. A room completely furnished every three months. And don't forget, *Cornelius*, everything's paid to you through my firm for 'consulting services rendered.'"

"Trips . . . money . . . furniture . . ."

"And plenty more. Look at it this way. If anything should happen — and it won't in a million years — do you think that the people are going to care? . . . Of course not! They love you, *Cornelius*. You're one of the greatest actors in Rome. So what if you made a few sesterces on the side? As long as you keep acting and holding them spellbound in your plays, they won't give a darn what you do off the stage."

"You know, Mr. Afer, you're absolutely right. What do they care if I put a few products into the dialogue? Besides, it makes the play all the more natural. And after all, they come to see good acting; and that's what I always give 'em."

"Exactly, *Cornelius*, exactly. Moreover, this business of 'plugging' is here to stay; so why shouldn't a man of your ability cash in on it too? I'll tell you what. I'll get in touch with the promotion men of the various companies and . . ."

"By all means, as soon as possible."

"Let's see; how about setting the date for a meeting on the 11th at one o'clock?"

"That's fine with me. Well, Mr. Afer, it's been a very pleasurable and profitable meeting. And until the 11th, may the gods be with you."

"The same to you, *Cornelius*. Bye now." (Boy-o-boy! Well that sews up *Cornelius Maro*. Let's see now. *Ennius'* play is opening in a few weeks . . . I wonder, hmmm?)

EDITORIALS

PAYOLA

The story broke fast. The president of a large recording firm had disclosed the startling information that he had paid disc-jockeys large sums to "push" his company's records. In a week, the American people, still shocked by the quiz-show scandal, were buzzing about a new issue — "payola."

But "payola" is nothing new. Bob Hope, the comedian *par excellence* has often admitted receiving large gifts for alluding to some product. For example, here is one of Hope's favorite payola jokes: "She said he was drunk, but it was only relative — Old Granddad." Other entertainers have followed this tradition. That the disc-jockeys have done the same is not surprising; that they have been taken to task is, in a very real sense, somewhat ironic.

Recently, a Boston radio announcer admitted that it has always been common practice for disc-jockeys to accept money for "plugging" a record. The next day, however, President Eisenhower denounced the practice as "an abuse of public morality." He seemed startled and indignant, as if "payola" were an intrusion upon American business life.

As for the public: the Sherman Adams case was a kind of joke; the name of Charles Van Doren has furnished gags for a dozen TV comics; and now — here is "payola." The obvious discrepancy between the reactions of the chief executive and the people must contain some significance.

In these times, few businesses can survive without breaking written or unwritten laws, and most businessmen chuckle, at least inwardly, at the prim, righteous, law-abiding investor. Present-day competition is hard. The attitude of many involved in the payola situation is typical: "If people buy the products we tell them to buy, are we to blame? We are good advertisers — is that a sin?"

However, few dishonest business methods are as subtle and clever as payola. While there are variations, this is the usual method: a radio station receives a package of recordings. The station is then told which records the company would like to see "do well." After a disc-jockey plays a record for a few weeks, (Often a record is played eight or ten times a day) the record becomes popular; then the recording firm sends the jockey a thank-you note, to which is attached "a gift to show our appreciation." The records selected to be "pushed" are chosen because they are cheaply made, because the company is assured a large profit on their sale, or because the company wishes to create a new star, usually to replace an old and *expensive* one.

Perhaps the worst side to payola is its effect upon public taste. With music bought and sold primarily for the profit of a few big companies, good music, be it rock-and-roll or grand opera, is not given a chance. Thus the bad, the tasteless, the *inexpensive* are forced upon the public.

It would seem therefore that Robert Kennedy and his Racket Committee are doing the American people a great service in probing the payola situation. Perhaps their investigations will eventually bore down to something more fundamental in American life than quiz-masters and popular recordings.

ON FOREIGN AID

Since 1945 the United States has either loaned or given \$75.8 billion in foreign aid. In this period of time, Western Europe, a recipient of \$40 billion, has reached the highest level of prosperity it has ever known, even to the extent of challenging U. S. foreign trade. As a result, last year U. S. exports to Europe dropped by \$3 billion, whereas European exports to this country increased. In addition, Europe has enlarged its gold reserves by \$8 billion; and, for the first time in the twentieth century, England is exporting more to the U. S. than it is buying. In fact, one of Prime Minister Macmillan's recent re-election slogans was "We've never 'ad it so good"; and it has been reported that English workers receive yearly wages second only to U. S. standards. Inevitably, as news of this kind increases, the cry is raised that Western Europe is not contributing enough to the aid of under-developed countries.

State Department critics argue that the arrival of prosperity brings world-wide responsibilities which cannot be shirked. But in reply, Europeans contend quite defiantly that all their responsibilities are being attended to. Great Britain protests that it is already doing its share by helping members of the Commonwealth in Africa and Asia. De Gaulle's government proudly points to last year's \$100 million contribution to the African members of the French Community. West Germany is just as quick to defend itself with its \$2 billion in West German sales to underdeveloped countries, yet forgets to mention that such stringent terms are imposed (repayment in four years, at six percent or more), that the U. S. is inevitably obliged to help the overdrawn debtor pay its bill.

To be sure, Washington considers any aid a noble gesture, but is quick to add, and rightly so, that prosperous nations must be prepared to share even greater portions of their wealth. In addition, the State Department reminds our allies that every year the United States gives over \$3½ billion in foreign aid, and has expressed no intention of reducing this amount. In truth, our friends are not being asked to assume some of our own duties, but rather to do more on their own. We do not contend that we should do less, simply that Europe should do more.

IMPROVED RELATIONS: A PROBLEM

President Eisenhower recently selected a six-man National Committee on Inter-American Affairs to improve relations with Latin America. This committee has long been overdue; for in the past decade United States-Latin American relations have deteriorated steadily. Unwise and seemingly callous diplomats have misrepresented the American people. "Quick-with-the-buck" tourists have parodied American values and ideals. As a result, among some Latin American peoples there now exists an intense hostility toward our national wealth and prosperity. U. S. aid to Latin American dictators has merely increased this hostility.

Cuba has been engaging the U. S. in a fervent diplomatic debate, accusing the U. S. of various "atrocities" and "bombing and strafing" activities over Havana. Castro has labeled us "imperialists" and "yanqui murderers" and has increased tariffs 30% to 100%, thus reducing U. S. imports by \$156 million. He has also signed a trade agreement with the Soviet Union which insures Cuba of a 12-year, low-interest, \$100-million credit, and guarantees Russia's purchase of 1,000,000 tons of Cuban sugar annually, at prices 1¢ to 2¢ below the U. S. subsidy price of 5¢ per lb.

In Panama, 2000 rioters, whipped to a frenzy by Communist and Nationalist propagandists, recently charged the Canal Zone, burned Uncle Sam in effigy, and hurled rocks at U. S. soldiers.

In Mexico, visiting Russian Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan has persuaded Mexican President Adolfo Lopez Mateos to travel to Russia — the first Latin American president to make such a trip.

In Brazil, pro-U. S. President Juscelino Kubitschek has offered a "friendly" warning that in its dealings with Latin America the U. S. remember last-year's anti-U. S. riots, which "presented us to the world as a continent divided by hate and resentment."

We cannot afford to allow these confused conditions to mushroom to any greater proportions than they already have. But rather we must supplant them with a revitalized policy of sincerity and genuine interest. We need friends, and we may well hope this new committee wins us a few.



"English is especially important."

MR. BOND (B. L. S. '47), who teaches English in Room 221, lives in Quincy with his wife and daughter. He received his AB and M.Ed. degrees at Boston College, where he is now studying for his doctorate. During the Korean conflict he served with distinction in the armed forces and returned to continue a teaching career in Boston, which included a position at the Solomon Lewenberg Junior High School in Mattapan.

As faculty adviser for both the Literary and Photography Clubs, Mr. Bond has been helping members to enjoy their outside activities in the fullest possible sense, and, during an interview, expressed the idea that the traditional B. L. S. student finds pleasure in doing a job well, both in and out of class. He criticized the "boys who expect the school to do all the work," and seemed to feel that such an attitude must inevitably lead to disappointment in the business and professional fields.

Mr. Bond says: "English is especially important, for you must be able to write and express your thoughts clearly in any profession. But above all, you always have entertainment at your fingertips with a book."

His advice: "Read many books covering a great many subjects in order to broaden your knowledge of the world around you."

Lords and Masters

MR. FOSTER, who teaches physics in Room 316, was born in the province of New Brunswick, Canada, and now, recently married, resides in Stoughton. A graduate of Boston English, he acquired an A. B. in biology from Suffolk University, an Ed. M. from State Teachers College, and last year received his M. S. from Syracuse University. He has also completed graduate work at both Colby College and State Teachers College. During World War II, Mr. Foster graduated from OCS as a 2nd lieutenant and subsequently served for four years in the states as an Army medical officer; presently he is a 1st lieutenant in the reserve forces. Before coming to B. L. S. in 1957, Mr. Foster taught at the James Timilty, the Robert Gould Shaw, and the Patrick T. Campbell junior high schools.

For recreation Mr. Foster enjoys golf and tennis, and occasionally finds time to work out with the neighborhood youth. He also maintains an interest in music—that is, excluding rock and roll, "a noisy fad on the way out."

Commenting on the B. L. S. curriculum, Mr. Foster says: "The classical education offered at the Latin School is important. Today the individual must be a well-rounded person." He does feel, though, that longer science laboratory periods would enable the student to accomplish much more in the science courses we offer.



"Every boy must look at himself."



Basketball

Basketball Lineup

Left Forward — Tobin; Right Forward — Haynes; Center — Barringer; Left Guard — Bilodeau; Right Guard — Costello. Managers: Paul Duserick, Jack Spencer, Hose Greco; Spares — Phil Murphy, Walt Kulbacki, Jack Lanning, Butch Chardavoyne, John Frame, Steve Vengrow, Tom Keller, Ted Wilbourne, Mike Leonard, Rick Hymoff.

Latin Stunned by Trade

In today's opener, Latinites looked like beginners as they suffered their first defeat of the season to lowly Trade, the first loss to Trade in seven years. Perhaps it was overconfidence, perhaps just a bad day.

In the first period, the Purple were completely outthustled and fell eleven points behind as Trade took the lead, 17-6. Tom Bilodeau scored all six points for the team. The next stanza was a little more encouraging, nevertheless unsatisfactory, as Latin pulled Trade's lead down to ten points. Score, 28-18.

In the beginning of the third period, Latin caught fire. At the four-minute mark, only three points separated the two teams; but the new hope fizzled when Haynes and Barringer fouled out. The subs could not do the job, and Trade rebuilt their lead to nine points. With both teams matching baskets from here on, Latin simply could not pull it out. Final score; Trade 56, Latin 48.

Dim Lights

High man for Latin was Bob Tobin with twenty points, sixteen of these in the second half. Fouls and foul shots were the important things in today's game. Trade hit 70% of their free throws while Latin could only hit eight for twenty-three, 35%.

Latin Whips Dot

Following their opening loss to Trade, Latin downed the determined but weak Dorchester five. The Purple took a quick lead and at halftime were out in front by a ten-point margin, 23-13. Pres. Haynes and Butch Chardavoyne were the big scorers for Latin in this half. The third period followed precedent as the Pattenmen increased their lead to 35-17. But in the fourth period, Dot shot ahead and proceeded to outscore Latin 21-11. This, however, was to no avail since the outcome had been decided in the first three periods. Oh yes, final score: Latin 46, Dot 38.

Quips of Quality

Handy Haynes was high for Latin with twelve points. Nice going, Handy. Butch Chardavoyne did a fine job as he came off the bench in the second quarter to score four quickies and play talented defense.

Latin Edges B. C. High

The spectators at B. L. S. today saw the most thrilling game of the season as Latin won a squeaker by downing B. C. High 60-57.

The first period was fairly close with Latin gaining the upper hand at the buzzer,

15-14. In the next stanza, however, B. C. High walked all over the Purple and outscored us 17-7, taking a 31-22 halftime lead.

The third quarter was much the same as the first, but this time B. C. High gained the one-point edge. The Eaglets now led by ten. But at the beginning of the fourth period, Latin took over. Switching from a zone to a man-to-man defense, they held B. C. High's offense to a mere ten points. Hustle, unerring passes, and precision shooting gave Latin a twenty-three point total offensively. This was just enough for victory. As the buzzer sounded, bedlam broke loose. Latin had won. The score again: 60-57, Latin.

Dripping Droplets

Subs Mike Leonard and Jack Lanning did a tremendous job as they entered the game in the third period to play an important part in Latin's victory. Meanwhile Handy Haynes grabbed rebounds galore. "How to go, Handy!"



Latin Humiliates Trade

In their second meeting, Latin avenged their opening loss by soundly trouncing Trade at the Artisans' home court. The Latin quintet wasted no time and promptly surged ahead to an 18-11 lead in the first period. The second quarter was no different as Latin's second team outscored the Tradesmen 20-14, Pres Haynes getting seven of these. The halftime score: 38-25.

The first team played again in the third period and upped the lead to 59-36. After this Coach Patten cleared the bench. Our valiant third stringers were outscored 16-14 in the final stanza; but they are forgiven, for Latin won 73-52.

Fruitful Fruits

This was Latin's best game thus far. The starting five looked good both offensively and defensively. Congratulations to the subs as well.

Latin Downs Dot

Latin has had a knack of getting into some close ones this year and today proved no exception. The Dorchester team, so easily conquered the first time, today put up the fight of their young lives and clutch-shooting alone gave Latin the victory.

Paul Barringer's seven points helped Latin get off to a good start as they held an 18-11 lead at the end of the first quarter. But Dorchester came roaring back in the second and third periods and, by gaining three and four points respectively in these periods, knotted the score at an even 44-44. The fourth period was to separate the men from the boys. While Latin's defense held Dot to ten points, Tom Bilodeau's clutch foul-shots led the Purple to a fifteen point quarter and thus a five-point victory. Final score: 59-54, Latin.

Purple Pointers

Tom Bilodeau's nineteen points were high for Latin. Seven of these came in the final period just when they were needed most. Handy Haynes continues to dominate the boards. Bob Tobin, our starting left forward, has been playing consistent ball all year. Today proved no exception.

Latin Beats English

Today Latin piled two games onto its league lead over second-place English in a fast game before a capacity crowd at the B. L. S. Colliseum. English took advantage of Latin's jitters in the first period by pounding out a 16-11 lead. That ended it for the Blue and Blue, however, for Latin bounced back strongly in the second quarter to gain a 28-26 halftime lead.

The third period proved even better than the second as Latin outscored the now done-in Englishmen 16-7 for a 44-33 advantage. Bob Tobin's eight points and Mike Leonard's five points in this period speak for themselves. English outscored Latin 24-20 in the last quarter, but this brief lapse can be attributed to Latin's relaxing defense and also to frequent substitutions. Bob Tobin was high for Latin

with twenty. Final score: Latin 64, English 57.

Yippee

Before this game there had been some doubt as to which was the better team, Latin or English. The coach, players, and fans of Boston Latin School sincerely hope that this doubt has been sufficiently cleaned up. Thank you.

Latin Squeezes by Trade

Once more Latin was forced to pull out a victory in the final minute, this time in its third game against Trade. The Pattenmen surged ahead to a 19-10 first-period lead, but in the second period Trade came back like a house afire to outscore Latin 20-9 and gain a halftime margin of two points, 30-28.

In the third period, Trade and Latin each scored twelve points, Trade maintaining a two-point lead. Bob Tobin then took over for Latin. His accurate passing and pro-type shooting led the Purple along to sure victory as he threw two baskets in the final thirty seconds of play to give Latin a mere four-point edge at the buzzer. Final score: Latin 61, Trade 57.

Chips from a Blockhead

Trade hit 35% from the foul line today, while Latin hit 50%. Coach Patten's emphasis on foul shooting has proved a boon to Latin's fine season thus far. By the way, this was Latin's ninth straight victory.

Latin Hammers Tech

The Irvington St. Armory was the scene of Latin's tenth straight victory, and an easy one it was. Bob Tobin's thirteen-point first period helped Latin along to a 21-8 lead at the initial buzzer. Then the entire team combined to up Latin's lead 35-20 by halftime. In the third period, Tobin zeroed in on the target and scored eight of Latin's twenty-three points. The bench was cleared in the fourth period, and even our third stringers easily outscored the Technicians as Latin won handily, 76-36.

Technicalities

Tobin and Bilodeau were high for Latin with twenty-five and twenty-one points respectively. This has been one of Mr. Patten's calmest seasons in respect to technical fouls.

Latin Subdues B. C. High

In their third game against B. C. High, Latin clinched the city championship, but first had to stave off a late rally. Tobin's six points helped Latin take an early

19-11 lead. In the second period, six more by Tobin and eight by Bilodeau helped increase the lead to 37-25. Both teams scored eleven points in the third stanza and Latin's lead stayed at twelve points. In the fourth period, with Tobin and Haynes out because of fouls, B. C. High made a last-ditch effort to gain a victory. Latin's lead was diminished to three points with two minutes remaining. At this point, however, John Frame sank a layup and two clutch foul-shots to bring the lead back up to seven points. When B. C. High's next scoring attempt failed and Barringer grabbed the rebound, Latin then resorted to ball control and maintained possession right up to the final buzzer. Final: 59-52 Latin, of course.

B. C. Highlights

Bob Tobin was high man with 14 points, although he didn't play most of the fourth period. This victory makes it twelve straight for Latin.

Latin nipped by English

In the final game of the season, Latin lost a heartbreaker to their rivals from across the way at the English High School Forum. The first period belonged to Latin by a score of 10-9, Bob Tobin scoring all but one of Latin's points. The next stanza, however, was entirely British; the Blue and Blue outscored and completely out-hustled the Latin five. Score at the half, 23-15.



Hockey

Lineup for Hockey

Goalie — Smigliani; Left Wing — Elmuts; Left Defense — Bradley; Center — Connelly; Right Wing — Ambrose; Right Defense — Riley; Spares — Pete Treska, Mike Treska, Bob Walsh, Mike McLaughlin, Bob Sylvia, Bill Barry, John Fraser, Pete Winstanley, George Mancini, Leo Maloney, George Carroll, Ed Gottlieb, Junior Zeytoonjian; Managers — Tom Dowd and Frank Alberti.

Latin Whips Trade

Latin, playing fast, heads-up hockey, today trounced a weak Trade sextet in the first game of the season. Co-captain Gus Elmuts got the scoring underway at thirty-seven seconds of the first period when, after taking a pass from Jim Ambrose, he skated by his man and slapped the puck by the Trade goalie. From that point on, Latin coasted to victory. Jim "the Rocket" Ambrose and Pete Treska scored two each to complete the scoring for Latin. Final score: 5-0.

Ice Capades

The team's aggressive style indicates a successful season. The first line may well be considered the best in the league.

Latin Edges Dot

Today a surprisingly strong Dorchester sextet stubbornly hung on until the last period before falling victim to Latin, 3-2. Latin's loose and sloppy play was obvious during the entire game. In the first period, Latin easily took a 2-0 lead as Ambrose and Connelly beat the Dot goalie; but then they relaxed. The fired-up Dot team got two quick goals, and, except for another solid game, turned in by goalie Tom Smigliani, might have gotten more. Latin now had their work cut out for them. Dot's defense held strong until "Boots" Connelly saved the day with less than a minute remaining. A pass from Rocket Ambrose set Connelly up with his game-winning slap-shot.

Drops from the Shower

A tip of the hat to "Boots" Connelly and Leo Maloney, the last of a dying breed — hustlers.

Latin Ties B. C. High

In a game marked by the sensational performance of goalie Tom Smigliani, Latin and B. C. High fought to a 1-1 deadlock. B. C. High, although taking the amazing total of twenty-five shots in the first period alone, couldn't break into the scoring column. The second period saw a vastly improved Latin team dominating the play, finally scoring at 8:08. Throughout the third period, both teams had their scoring opportunities, but neither could seem to capitalize. However with just forty-eight seconds remaining, the Eaglets tallied on a freak goal and earned an undeserved 1-1 tie.



Rime from the Rink

Our stalwart defense of Co-captain Bob Bradley and Bill Riley thwarted many B. C. attempts to score. Also, a particular note was the fine passing of the first line.

Latin Ties Tech

In a closely-matched first period, hustling "Boots" Connelly put Latin out in front at 3:03. Throughout the remainder

of the period, the two teams fought to a standstill. But Tech stormed back in the second period and netted two within two minutes. Moments later, Bob Sylvia stole the puck, broke away, and beat the Tech goalie to tie it up. In a climactic third period, Gus Elmutz scored, putting Latin out in front. But Tech was not to be denied. With minutes remaining, they pulled their goalie in favor of a sixth skater. Their plan almost backfired, never-



theless, as Bob Walsh missed the empty net by mere inches. This strategy, however, resulted in their third and game-winning goal.

Ice Chips

A fine team effort was somewhat marred by the indefinite loss of an all-star defenseman, Bob Bradley.

Latin Slams Dot

Led by Mike McLaughlin's four points and Pete Treska's hat trick, Latin humiliated Dorchester, 10-0. All members of the first team registered points except George "Antoine" Carroll. The game was decided in the first period when the team scored three goals. After scoring an additional two in the second frame, Latin tallied a record five in the last period. Gus Elmutz scored four points in this game to bolster his lead in the red-hot, league-scoring race.

Winter Carnival

The Dorchester coach has yet to speak to Mr. Thomas. Junior Zeytoonjian was out today with a bad case of "splinters."

Latin Swamps English

A fast-skating, fiery Latin team defeated their arch-rival English 5-0 in their first meeting. As the score indicates, Latin, while controlling play through three per-

iods, finally realized their potential. Jim Ambrose opened up the scoring festivities at 1:48 of the first period. Bob Walsh got the second marker on a slick pass from "Boots" Connelly. The third and fourth tallies were registered by high-scoring Gus Elmutz. The scoring was concluded by Connelly, assisted by his classy sophomore linemates Bob Walsh and Pete Treska. Score again, 5-0.

Latin Again Takes Trade

Paced by "Hat-trick" Connelly's scoring binge, Latin rolled to a 4-0 victory over Trade. Once again the team played that alert hockey of which it is so capable. Although the score indicated a romp, this was not so. Had it not been for the scintillating play of Junior Zeytoonjian, who failed the determined thrusts of countless Trade rushes, the score might easily have been reversed. One play was most spectacular, as Junior, unruffled by a four-on-one rush, played his man successfully and smothered the shot in his pads. Bob Walsh scored the final goal at 8:07 of the third period.

Tips from the Dips

Hats off to a real team effort, and especially to the fine checking of all three lines used. The previously little-used defensive quartet of Winstanley, Barry, Gottlieb, and reliable Ed Zeytoonjian stood out.

Latin Edged by English

Stunned by a hustling English team that scored two goals in the first five minutes of the game, Latin was defeated 3-2. Not until the final frame were the Latinites able to score. Emerging from a scramble in front of the Blue and Blue net, Pete Treska slammed home a loose puck. With six minutes remaining, "Boots" Connelly got the second goal. But this was not enough. The English goalie took on the part of the proverbial "Chinese Bandit" as he kicked out shot after shot. In this period, Latin completely outplayed English; but, unfortunately, it was too late.

Ice Follies

Unfortunately, the team which was expected to go all the way just didn't. The outlook for next year is bright with the return of several veterans. "Boots," "The Magoo" Connelly and Bob Walsh have been elected co-captains for the 1961 campaign. Many thanks to Coach Thomas for a job well done.

Track

Latin Nosed Out in Opener

In the first meet of the season, the Purple and White tracksters were trimmed by a slightly stronger Tech team. Tech scored 135 points to Latin's 130.



In the Class A running events, Mulcahy and Galman placed second and third respectively in the "50." Gale finished a close second in the "600," while Meagher romped in the "1000." Siltan and Zitomersky finished third and fourth in the mile. In the field events, Andronica won the shotput and Haddad placed second in the standing broad jump.

In Class B, Perkins, Bell, and Sessonis placed first, second and fourth in the "50." In the "220" Bailey and Wilkinson finished one-two. Doherty and Monsen were third and fourth in the "440" while Stanhewicz and Cole placed third and fourth in the "880." O'Neil won the shot-put; and the

relay team — Bell, Perkins, Bailey, and Wilkinson, to put it mildly, romped.

In our strong Class C, Shnider and Bickman were one-two in the "50." Husak and Lima finished two-four in the "176," while Deare and Scannell were first and third in the "220." Roach placed second in the "600." In the field events, Charloff, Shulman, and Dragone were first, second, and fourth in the shot-put. Norman placed second in the broad jump, while Schwartz won the high jump and placed second in the hurdles.

Latin Swamps Trade

The Latin Speedsters completely overwhelmed the Trade team. Latin scored 200 points to Trade's 90.

In Class A, Mulcahy, Willis, and Dunlap were second, third, and fourth in the "50." Haddad was second in the "300," and Gale finished second in the "440." Meagher romped once more in the "1000." Sutton and Jennings were one-two in the mile. In field events, Andronica won the shotput, and Willis was first in the high-jump. Stick was second in both the broad-jump and the hurdles.

In Class B, Perkins, Sessonis, and Dunn were second, third, and fourth in the "50." Bailey won the "220" and Bell finished first in the "440." In field events, Stanhewicz, Perkins, Beresticki, and Bailey made a clean sweep in the broad jump. Cole and Wilkinson were one-two in the high jump, while Beresticki and Ed Bailey were one-three in the hurdles.

In our very strong Class C, Shnider, Purnell, Bickman and Derby took every place in the "50," in that order. In the "176," Lima, Husak, and Holland were first, second, and third respectively. Deare and Scannell were two-three in the "220." In the "600," Harris, Roach, Spease, and Santosuosoi had a clean sweep.

In Class C field events, Charloff, Dragone, Shulman, and Kullen were first, second, third, and fourth respectively in the

shotput, as were Schwartz, Holland, Shnider, and Derby in the high jump. Norman, Purnell, Husak, and Bickman made it another clean sweep in the broad jump. In the hurdles, Schwartz and Lowery were one-two.

Latin Third in the Reggies

The Purple and White tracksters finished third behind the strong English (111) and Technical (78) teams. Most of our points were scored by our strong Class B.

In Class A, Tommy Meagher scored a sensational victory in the "1000." John Andronica finished second in the shotput.

In our strong Class B, Joe Perkins won the "50" in excellent time. Bailey took

the "220" and also was fourth in the standing broad jump. Bernie O'Neil and Richie Abraham were great in the shotput and finished one-two. The relay team of Bailey, Wilkinson, Perkins, and Bell won with a near record-breaking time.

In Class C, "Duke" Shnider finished fourth in the "50." Schwartz placed fourth in the high jump and finished fourth in the hurdles. Norman was fourth in the standing broad jump. The relay team of Shnider, Swartz, Holland, and Lima finished a close third.

Congratulations are extended to the track team for a good season and to Walter "Pep" McCarthy for his excellent coaching.

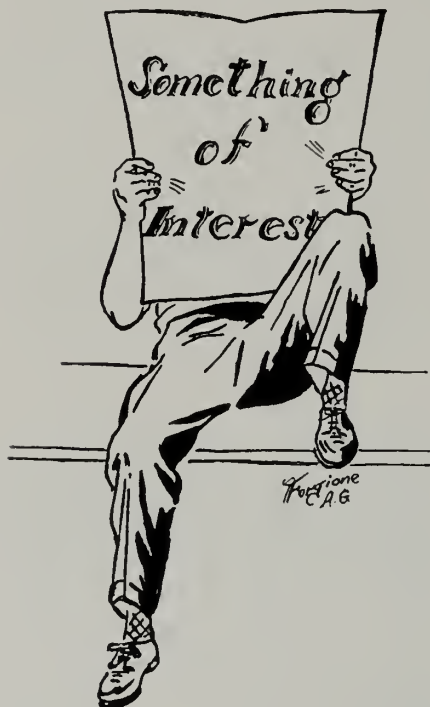
Swimming

The Swimming Team enjoyed a successful season with a record of seven victories and five defeats. Dual meets were held with M. I. T. Freshmen, Phillips Andover Academy, Moses Brown School, Phillips Exeter Academy, Huntington Prep, and the high schools — Brookline, Cambridge Latin, Fitchburg, Mission, Wellesley, Worcester, and Brockton.

Groswald, one of the best freestyle sprinters in New England, again was the leading scorer for the team. He established new school records for the 50-yard and 100-yard free-style. Lynch, the most versatile member of the team, was undefeated in the backstroke. He established school records in the 100-yard backstroke and 200-yard medley. Captain Jim Sherburne set a new school record in the 100-yard breaststroke. Burns, Sherburne, Lynch and Passacantilli were undefeated in the 200-yard medley relay. Our divers, Duncan and Spry, were of great value to the team. The O'Rourke brothers and Fraticelli distinguished themselves in the distance events. Galvin was effective in the butterfly and individual medley.

Lettermen: Sherburne, Galvin, Fraticelli, L. O'Rourke, Groswald, Lynch, Burns, Passacantilli, Duncan, Katz, Bisceglia, O'Sullivan, J. O'Rourke, Levy, Ernest, and Forster.





The National Honor Society Revue was a smashing success, the biggest and the best ever! Present, in disguise, were such celebrities as John Rait Honigsblum, Harry James Goldsmith, and Theresa Brewer Morgan (who came clad as a boy, but shhhhhh). The drill and drum corps performed admirably. For the most inspiring solo performance of the evening, there is a close-match between Lola Kerble and Elaine Curry (the "dancing-as-you-like-it" girl). As Bosley Crowther would say, strictly top drawer. Thanks go to Mr. Levine, Major Kelley, and to Mr. Locke, sponsor of the N. H. S., without whose untiring efforts and enthusiasm, the show could never have been produced.

The 800 dollars raised for scholarships furnished the proverbial happy ending. Thanks are also due Leonard Shapiro, chairman of the ticket committee, assisted at the door by Paul Barringer, Mike Di Tullio, Steve Aronson and Gerry Hillman. So good was the toastmastering job done by Gentile and McAlear, that Jessel was reportedly leaving for the "old country."

Congratulations to the new Key Club officers—John Paul Russo (president), Frank James Scharaffa (vice president), Steven Myles Aronson (secretary), and Melvin Ang (treasurer). These positions

STEVEN MYLES ARONSON '61

are very important this year, in light of the international convention which will be held soon in Boston. Many thousands from different parts of the nation will attend. The Latin School Key Club, one of the "host clubs," will assume a great deal of responsibility for the gala affair. John Russo and Gerald Hillman are serving as co-chairmen. (John is also chairman of the District Convention). Mike DiTullio was appointed chairman of the Spot Entertainment Committee and Frank Scharaffa, chairman of the Color Guard Committee.

This year, for the first time, Harvard University is presenting to high school upperclassmen seminars in English literature, history, and drama, conducted by competent college undergraduates. Many thanks are due Mr. Russo and Mr. Bergen, who have handled our participation in this program.

Our school is an old school belonging to more than one age in American history. But when John Russo is chosen to be Paul Revere at the American Association of Lithograph Clubs, May 19-21, in Boston, you may wonder how he could so betray our tradition. After all, Paul Revere was NOT a Latin School man, and neither was his horse.

Gerry Hillman, Tom Bilodeau, Steve Aronson, Duke Cibotti, John Russo, Tiger Shea, Dick Derby, Dave Tafe, and Mike Monson recently participated in a "dramatic abstraction," magnificently written and directed by Mr. Jameson. The show, "The People vs. The People," was especially prepared as a feature for the Safety Series Program, and broadcast Sunday, January 31, at 10 A. M. on Radio Station WORL, under the auspices of Mr. Robert Schimmel, the radio co-ordinator of the Boston Public Schools.

In the near future, seven German students will take a test to be conducted at Boston University. The winner will be sent to Germany for five weeks (ya!) a prize that even those taking Greek would covet. The students participating include: Harvey Klein, Richard Freedman, Bernard Kaufman, Anthony DiAngelis, Edward Gaber, Gerald Honigsblum, and Richard Finn. Good luck, all! Somewhere on the Danube, there is a fraulein waiting.

On January 5, Headmaster John Doyle officiated at an assembly for Classes I, II, and III, at which the Thom McAn Shoe Company made its annual award to the best football player in Boston. The yearly winners are chosen by the *Boston Globe* School-boy Department. This year's award, in the form of a gold-plated football shoe, was presented to the school's most renowned athlete — Tommy Bilodeau.

Bilodeau was cited also in connection with high-school America in *Scholastic Coach Magazine*, and he and another indomitable sportsman, Ed Costello, were selected as part of the *Globe* and *Herald-Traveler* All-Scholastic Football teams. Tom was captain of the *Traveler* team, and Captain Ed was voted Wigwam Wiseman on the All-America First Team.

On April 8, the Statler Hilton Hotel was the scene of the Key Club Oratorical Contest. Representing the Key Club, S. Aronson, J. Russo, and G. Hillman, tried to "wrench a banner from the western skies." Last year's entrant, J. Russo, competed successfully in the preliminaries, and, at the international contest in Montreal, received third prize. Although "virtue cannot live out of the teeth of emulation," good luck to all and to all a good fight!

It is an honor indeed to be a Merit Finalist or an N. H. S. Scholarship Finalist. The school has always been fortunate in having boys "who can do the work." Congratulations, Merit finalists: Arnold Adler, Stephen Arnold, George Cohen, Stanley Cohen, Robert Cummings, John Finn, David Jacobson, Marvin Kasoff, Alan Schindler, Robert Temkin, Irving Traiger.

On January 28, Irv Traiger and Joel Gordon (*Register* Editors), John Andronica, Tom Bilodeau, Ed Costello (all three of the football team), Bob Bradley (president of the senior class), and Jim Sherburne (top scholar), were representatives of the school to the Ninth Annual Junior Goodwill Dinner. The affair was sponsored by the Massachusetts Committee of Catholics, Protestants, and Jews, in co-operation with Mayor John F. Collins and the Boston Red Sox. Ed Costello, captain of our own illustrious team, was a guest at the head table and, following the dinner, delivered a speech which was enthusiastically received by the large crowd in attendance. The hall itself was situated behind the skyview seats in a little-known corner of Fenway Park.

A debate on the very controversial issue of socialized medicine was held recently at Andover Academy. Participating were: Gerald Hillman, Steven Aronson and Chairman John Russo. B. L. S. came through nobly. Mr. Frank E. Sullivan, faculty sponsor, arranged the proceedings.

Sometime in January, a forum on the subject of changes in curriculum was held in the assembly hall. Michael Menitoff acted as chairman. Members of the affirmative were: Bob Temkin, Jack Edmonston, and Marv Stick; for the negative: Steve Aronson, John Russo, and Freeman Port. Mr. Sullivan, the skipper of 222, was in charge. The negative contended that given too much elasticity our system could . . . snap; while the affirmative maintained that more snap is more than endurable in these snappish times.

Congratulations to Mr. Weinert of Room 231, who has received a fellowship at Harvard, and to Mr. Sharkey of Room 232, who has received a fellowship at Boston College.

Quietly he makes his way, but in the senior class we have a celebrity. George M. Cohen (not Cohan) of Room 307 appeared on *Dateline Boston*, Wednesday, March 9. As a representative of the Latin School, he participated in a panel show on education. Mr. Morrissey and Mr. O'Con-



nell presided in lieu of the Governor and informatively answered the intelligent questions which were asked. George will not be signing autographs this week.

But we have another George in our midst — and another television personality — George Massalem, who made his television debut on Sunday, January 31, on *Our Believing World*.

Congratulations to fellow staff member Dan Barnett of Class III, a talented young

writer whose editorial has been awarded first prize in the *Boy's Life* writing contest. The award consists of a \$100 savings bond, a gold medal, a gold fountain pen, and a Remington Quiet-Riter Portable, which is on its way to him at this moment. Perhaps, among our readers, there are more writers who "blush unseen." If so, the *Register* offers them an inspiring invitation.

Another literary laurel goes to Edward Goode of 333, a senior and an active member of our literary staff, who was recently awarded third prize in an editorial contest sponsored by the National Tuberculosis Association. The article is now in a state contest, and may be entered in national competition.

Irving Lawrence Traiger and Steven Myles Aronson represented the *Register* on March 7, at the *Globe* High School Editors Club Meeting in the main ballroom of the Sheraton-Plaza Hotel. Addressing the group were Paul Benzaquin, author of the widely-acclaimed bestseller, *Holocaust*, and *Globe* reporter Leonard Lerner, whose book, based on a mining disaster and called *Miracle at Spring Hill*, will appear this June. Both men are brilliant speakers, and interest in the show never lagged.

The Social Science Club, under the competent sponsorship of Mr. Lyons, has conducted its fourth annual seminar. The



history, problems, and culture of the German people were the subjects of this four-week-long program. The club has been cited by several educators and foreign diplomats for performing an outstanding service. However, Mr. Lyons and President Goode deserve most of the credit.

On March 3, a United Nations examination was administered to those interested and sufficiently prepared. This, too, falls under the supervision of the ever-active Social Science Club.

On the last day before the long-awaited Christmas vacation, the entire school wit-

nessed the annual Christmas Pageant, presented in the assembly hall under the direction of Mr. Mark Russo, head of the English Department. Speakers, at various intervals during the program, included Michael Menitoff, Edward Jay, Thomas Rabbit, Herbert Allen, John Russo, Harvey Klein and Gerald Hillman. The glee club and orchestra offered appropriate selections.

In late February, the boys of classes V and VI were guests to the annual Washington-Lincoln exercises. The speakers stressed brotherhood as a theme. James Clark Sherburne of Class I was announcer.

On February 27, there passed from among us William Kimball Norton, 95, master of mathematics at the Boston Latin School for more than thirty years. Mr. Norton was born in Boston, graduated from the Latin School in 1884, and from Harvard University, cum laude, in 1888. He was one of the oldest graduates of Harvard.

In late December, 30 boys from the school (10 from the N. H. S., 10 from the Red Cross Club, and 10 from the Key Club) participated in a simulated disaster at the school. They were then taken to the nearby Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, suffering from shock or hysteria, others dead on arrival. However, at meal time, even the dead were resurrected, and all enjoyed the hospitality of the cafeteria.

The second public Declamation was held December 11, 1959; the third on February 5, 1960; and the fourth on March 18, 1960. The speakers were: Bowen, Minichiello, Malouf, Bossio, Bernstein, Menitoff, Gladstone, Jay, Kennedy, Litwack, Lipson, Wimberly, Doolittle, Sheinfeld, Aronson, Hillman, Russo, Menitoff, Monson, Tafe, Siegel, and Dunn.

It was Mr. Latin School himself, Mr. Max Levine, who started the Charles Fitzgerald Scholarship with a large amount of his own money. Mr. Levine did not want to see "Fitzie" leave the school "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." B. L. S. men like Tom Bilodeau, Sr., Irving Rabb and Dave Copans contributed from their own pockets; and, before long, contributions were pouring in from all over the country. The stipulations of the prize are listed on the last page of the catalog — in the prize section.

Mr. Levine was recently cited by the Governor for his outstanding work over the past forty-five years in promoting good will and brotherhood and understanding. This is one more citation he can add to the long line he has already accumulated.



REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

Then

"What must the lamps on Noah's ark have been called?"

"Arc lights, of course."

Nov., 1892

Teacher: "Were you inside of the building when the bell rang?"

Pupil: "Yes sir, I was in sight of it."

Sept., 1892

The bayonet squad was formed today. An unusually large number applied for the squad.

Dec., 1892

"The specific gravity of this alloy is just 13."

(cynically) "Sir, what is your specific levity?"

Mar., 1893

Teacher: "If I had ten cents, and you asked me to lend you five cents, how much should I have left?"

Boy: "Ten cents."

Dec., 1888

It is rumored that the Drum Corps will wear all-gilt pants next year.

Jan., 1889

Old lady to farmer distributing fertilizer: "For the land's sake, what's that for?"

Farmer: "Yes'm, for the land's sake."

July, 1894

A full stop: Inebriated gentleman bringing up against a full wall.

May, 1894

"Go away, Athene," said Jupiter, "you make Minervas."

May, 1894

Dramatic translator, somewhat flustered:

"It is surely better to live the death of a patriot than to die the life of a slave."

Feb., 1892

And Now

Dec. 1: College Interviewer: "And what do you do in your spare time?"

Applicant: "Knit."

Dec. 2: "Who surrendered to Washington?"

"Cornwallis."

"And Howe!"

Dec. 3: Ye R. R. R. went to Room 331 and offered his services to the N. H. S. Revue. Ye R. R. R., however, was told to leave quietly by the master, who had a section of lead pipe in his hand and a queer look in his eye.

Dec. 7: School was dismissed today at 2:00.

Dec. 8: The writers of *Modern Physics*, by Dull, and *Physics, a Modern Approach*, have combined their talents. They are writing a new book: *Modern Physics, a Dull Approach*.

Dec. 9: Overheard in test tube:

"Let me out; I'll smash you boboes!"

Dec. 10: The N. H. S. builds characters.

Dec. 14: Overheard in Assembly Hall:

"The boys who are being inducted into the N. H. S. today must have scholarship; they must have service and character; they must have leadership; but most important . . . er . . . ah . . . they must have . . . er . . . (turning around) . . . a wolf!"

Dec. 16: Chemistry master: "What precautions should you take when handling hydrogen near a flame?"

Sir Isaac Brookline: "Let the teacher do it."

Dec. 17: The Headmaster wishes to congratulate the boys of Room 308 for their 97% contribution to the Loyalty Fund. Come on, Zilch, pay up!

Dec. 21: Overheard in 333:

Master: "Decline *fides*."

Bearded volunteer: "*Fides, fidei, fidel*
....."

Dec. 22: Zapp: "What's the matter?"

Zorp: "I've got something preying on my mind."

Zapp: "Well, don't worry. It'll die of starvation."

Dec. 23: The fire drill scheduled for today was postponed because: 1) it was not cold enough; 2) there was only three inches of snow on the ground; 3) we had an air raid.

Jan. 4: Boys who wish to be excused from L1 to play in the orchestra must bring notes from home. (What's music without notes?)

Jan. 5: What Physical Ed teacher has just been named Grand Wizard of the KKK (Kafeteria Kiddie Katchers)?

Jan. 6: Overheard in 204:

"For your next test question: In your book there is a picture of the Battle of Gettysburg. On what page is it, and how many soldiers (excluding officers) are there in the picture. Be accurate!"

Jan. 8: Master in 330: "*Je pense, donc je suis*. What does that mean, da Vinci?"

Lenny: "I think I am a donkey?"

Jan. 12: Overheard in chem class:

Master: "Give me an example of the law of multiple proportions."

Quiz Kid: "37-24-36."

Jan. 13: Bulletin: Boys are warned that today's lunch consists of man-eating shrimp.

Jan. 14: Teacher: "All right Brarkle, give us an example of a collective noun."

"Garbage can!"

Jan. 15: Overheard in telephone booth:

"Arrrrrrgh!"

Jan. 18: "I just want to say that it's the whole team, not the players, and I'm the whole team."

Jan. 21: Teacher: "Smiff, you don't look too well."

Smiff: "Sir, I have a sinking sensation in the pit of my stomach."

Teacher: "You'd better swallow a life saver."

Jan. 22: The new lockers have been specially designed to hold twice as many mice as before.

Jan. 29: Special bulletin (first day): Mice found eating boys' lunches will be severely punished.

Feb. 1: Special bulletin (second day): Boys found eating mice's lunches will also be severely punished.

Feb. 2: Overheard in 319:

Curious senior: "Sir, just what *did* Freud say about roller coasters?"

Feb. 3: Binkelstone: "Sir, I read that the Atlantic Ocean will eventually reach the Berkshires."

Master: "Well, I wouldn't worry about it. It won't happen too soo glug, glug!"

Feb. 4: Niyne times niyne. Let's do it by largarithms.

Feb. 5: Ol' Ski Trail: "So help me, I'll censure the next bird who opens his trap!"

Schnibbel: "Starting now, Sir?"

Feb. 10: Student (reading aloud): "If the object to be weighed has a density of 4.736 and it is immersed in a beaker of copper sulphate solution so that the liquid displaced equals one-third pi times the square of the density divided by the mass and Sir, isn't today unprepared?"

Feb. 11: Special pink slip: "Disregard all pink slips."

Feb. 12: Ye R. R. R. today tried out for the baseball team, as a combination pitcher-catcher. I can run fast.

Feb. 15: Whose birthday was last Friday?

Feb. 16: Sklar University has accepted 1,250 applicants for the incoming freshman class. 547 applied.

Feb. 17: Today the parents plodded anxiously to school.

"It's not that he isn't trying. He's just stupid, Madam."

Feb. 19: Master: "Say, Swipe, what are you flipping coins for?"

Swipe: "I'm checking my answers, sir."

Feb. 29: This issue's sick joke:

"Mommy, why is Daddy running across the field?"

"Don't ask questions; just reload."

Mar. 1: It was Abraham Lincoln's, ya boobs!

Mar. 2: Register typist: "Sure I can type 90 words a minute; but only 25 of them make sense."

Mar. 3: It's not going to snow. That fool weatherman hasn't been right all year!

Mar. 4: Somebody pass the hemlock, men.

Mar. 8: Happy anniversary. On March 8, 1958, it didn't snow, or anything.

Mar. 9: Latin School has sent a teacher to English High School. He follows the tradition of untold thousands of Latin School boys.

Mar. 10: Deadline tomorrow? We'll never make it! Never, never! Arrrgh!

Mar. 11: Well, we didn't, neither.

A master whom generations of Boston Latin School
alumni remember so well

PHILIP MARSON

speaks to his former students about what is
happening to education — in a timely book as outspoken,
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Philip Marson, as all of you who studied under him know so well, is one of the last of the vanishing breed of dedicated educators in the tradition of Mark Hopkins and the log. His whole life has been devoted to bringing out the best, mentally, physically and morally, in the generations of boys who have come under his inspiring influence.

In his book, *A TEACHER SPEAKS*, Mr. Marson tells how, when he was given the opportunity to join the faculty of the Boston Latin School, he felt he had found the ideal place to make his contribution to education in working with the brightest minds a public school could hope to have — a school with traditions and standards unexcelled in this country.

In the first decade or so of his career, Mr. Marson felt that all he had hoped for had come to pass. But in the middle thirties began the undermining and disintegration

of the standards he had spent a lifetime in building and upholding. In *A TEACHER SPEAKS* he shows how this began with the abrogation by the colleges of the requirements for intellectual achievement they had insisted on for half a century. Year by year he watched the weakening of the teacher's effectiveness as the students responded to the removal of incentive by doing as little as would get them by.

Philip Marson tells of his vain fight to stem this tide. As many of his former students may not know, he left the Boston Latin School for the sole purpose of carrying on in a larger arena his work to arrest the destruction of our educational heritage before it is too late. He concludes *A TEACHER SPEAKS* with a challenging, practical program, set forth in detail, for saving the situation. His book, based on forty years of knowledge and experience, carries a message that all who know Philip Marson will want to read and discuss.

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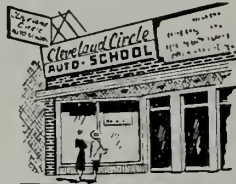
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